The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

By FRED KURTZ.

Some dramatic writer might now compose a clever play, entitled, "Oscar Wilde taken in."

The State Treasurer of Tennessee is a defaulter to the amount of $400,000 and has absconded.

From Washington we learn that the Carlisle-Blackburn fight for the Speakership is working in favor of Randall. The first named are from Kentucky.

Lieut. Gov. Tabor, of Colorado, was divorced from his wife the other day and then presented her with real property worth $250,000. Tabor is worth 10 millions.

Intelligence is made of a violent earthquake shock being felt in different parts of Northern Ohio between 2 and 3 a. m. Sunday. People were aroused from sleep and some chimneys toppled over.

A grand ice palace is being built up in Montreal, for the approaching carnival. Vanderbilt and other rich fellows have engaged suits of rooms. It will be lighted by electricity.

In the state senate Mr. Reyburn, Cameron Republican, was elected President pro tem, on 2nd ballot. On first ballot 7 Independents voted for Lee; of these three changed to Reyburn on 2nd ballot, which gave him a majority.

The civil service reform bill went through the house with a rush—only 48 votes against it. The elections had a good effect, and republican congressmen have learned that the people have rights which even a congressman must respect.

The mercantile failures of the year just closed, as reported by the Mercantile agency of B. G. Dun & Co., are for the United States 9,738 in number as against 5,582 in 1881. The liabilities in the United States are for the last year $101,000,000, as compared with $81,000,000 in 1881.

Connecticut has got over its trouble caused by an attempted outrage to steal the state from the democrats, on account of some of their ballots foolishy being printed on dark paper, while at the same time the republican tickets were printed in a black border. The Legislature has passed a special act legalizing all votes thus cast.

Ex-county commissioners Daniel Corson and William Ebner, of Lycoming county who pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzlement, were sentenced Saturday each to pay a fine of $250, and to be imprisoned in the eastern penitentiary—Corson for twenty-one months and Ebner for fifteen months. Ebner's sentence is as light as the court could make it.

It is reported from Washington that the republican slate for the organization of the senate after the fourth of March seems to be complete, with Mahone for president, Groham for secretary, George W. Hooker, now sergeant-at-arms and James R. Young for executive clerk.

Well, this beats the dickens for reform—its worse than ever—and the republicans, after all seem to have learned no lesson from the late elections.

It is said that the iron and steel interests are preparing to make a hard fight in the tariff bill proposed by the finance committee of the senate and which is said to be very inimical to them, and they seem to be satisfied with the work of the ways and means so far as it is known. The schedules have not been completed and Judge Kelley says it will take several days to go over it. All kinds of interests are represented here and when the question is taken in the senate and the house the presence of a powerful lobby and considerable excitement may be anticipated.

Another faith cure is reported. This one is from Troy, N. Y., and is given thus:

Nineteen years ago Annie Cooper was afflicted by a spinal disease. For the last six years she was confined to her bed, helpless and speechless. A week ago last night her life was despaired of, and the family were praying around her bed, when she spoke, saying: "The Lord has willed that I shall not die." Last night, at her request, a number of her relatives went to the house to pray with her. While they were praying she rose in bed and exclaimed, "Praise God." Then she got up and walked about the room for the first time in nineteen years. She insists that she was cured by faith and prayer.

On account of the guerilla Mosby, long a white-house pet, Mahone and Arthur have got into a snarl, in which the great national smoker, Grant, is also taking a hand. Mahone hates rebel Mosby; Arthur, with true white-house instinct, loves the noted ex-rebel. A press telegram of 5 says of the snarl:

Mahone made a failure yesterday at trying to patch his differences with the President over the probable appointment of General Mosby to a judgeship in Virginia. How Mahone was snubbed by the President in this matter was related in these despatches two or three days ago. The story of yesterday's fiasco, so far as it has leaked out, is that Mahone went to General Grant, who is said to favor Mosby's appointment, and urged him to keep hands off in Virginia, representing that much was at stake there, and that it was important that those directly interested should either control the patronage or at least be deferred to in its distribution. That was the only way, he said, in which leadership could be held and without leadership the Readjuster organization would go to pieces and the result would be fatal to Republican plan with regard to Virginia in 1884. He urged that every one knew of the unfriendliness between Mosby and himself, and the moral effect of Mosby's appointment in the light of this common knowledge would be severe and far reaching. General Grant proposed that they go to the White House to talk it over with the President. They remained there less than an hour. What happened has not been disclosed, but upon leaving Mahone declared that he had been there for his last time. This is the version that reached the Senate to-day and that attached significance to earnest whispered consultations in which Mahone engaged with certain half-breed Senators on the floor this afternoon.

An explanation of the bonding of whiskey, is of interest. Attached to every distillery is a warehouse of which the Government, through a United States storekeeper, takes exclusive charge. On every door is a patent "Government lock," and the storekeeper keeps the keys. At the end of the warehouse nearest the distillery proper is partioned off the "cistern room," that contains tanks, into which the whiskey runs direct from the still. From these tanks it is drawn off into barrels in the presence of the storekeeper and the United States gauger. The barrels so filled are rolled into the other portion of the warehouse, and a "warehouse stamp," bearing the date of the distillation, is affixed to each. The whiskey thus barreled can, under the revenue laws, remain in this warehouse under Government lock and key for three years. Then the whiskey is said to be "in bond." At the expiration of the three years the tax of 90 cents per gallon must be paid on the original quantity of whiskey in the barrels, as shown by the gauge when it was barreled, less two and a half gallons per annum allowed for evaporation and shrinkage. Then a tax-paid stamp is put on each barrel, and a brand, with the name of the distiller, the number of the district, and the date of the payment of the tax, is burned in the head. Now the distiller, for the first time, can do as he pleases with his whiskey, and it is said to be "taken out of bond." The Senate bill to which we have referred extends the bonded period two years on whiskey heretofore entered.

Here is a story of killing three deer at one shot, which must make a Centre county hunter feel jealous:

The deer season closed on Saturday according to law and Mr. K. D. Smith, of this city says the Lock Haven *Express*, celebrated the event in a way that he will not soon forget. He and a party of four others were hunting on Youngwoman's Creek, about six miles above the mouth of the creek, and when a short distance from the members of his party Mr. Smith spied three deer. He leveled his Spencer rifle and fired away, killing the three deer, a doe and two fawns, at one shot. Mr. Smith was only about forty yards distant when he fired the shot, the ball breaking the back of the doe, which stood a little ahead of the fawns, and striking the second deer back of the shoulder passed through and lodged in the neck of the third deer. Two of the deer were about the same size and weighed in the neighborhood of one hundred pounds each.

Sweeping out a few pasters and folders, a couple dozen of scrub women, and a few other minor officers at Harrisburg, amounting to a saving of about seven or eight thousand does not fill the bill of reform demanded in the recent elections. It must go on until there is $100,000 to show up, otherwise there will be another tidal wave at the polls.

DEPRESSED MANUFACTURERS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 5, 1883.—It is estimated that there are at least ten thousand looms and probably two hundred thousand spindles now idle in the cotton and woolen mills of this city and vicinity in consequence of the continued depression in trade. At the usual rate of running their machinery it means a total loss of work for from five to six thousand operatives, while probably ten times as many are working at reduced wages or shortened time. The depression is felt most severely in the business of producing the cheaper grades of cotton and woollen goods, and it is so general that, as one of the largest mill owners in the city said yesterday, "Everybody who can afford to close his mill is doing so."

„We have stopped our mills," continued he, "because it would not pay to keep them running. I do not know how long they will remain idle, but it will be until the price of labor decreases or that of our products advances."

Some mill owners have closed their establishments for an indefinite period; others have found excuses for temporary stoppage in the annual repairs which they are in no hurry to make. Varinus causes are assigned for this unfortunate state of things. Some, who have studied the question, think a sufficient cause for the dulness of trade is to be found in the springing up of cotton mills in the South. These not only compete to an advantage with Northern mills, since they have little or no freight to pay on their raw material and can get labor much cheaper than it can be had here, but also take away the large market which the South always presented for the coarser kinds of cotton goods. Others, however, say this is not the principal cause of the depression and doubt whether it has any influence whatever, especially on Philadelphia mills, since they say that Philadelphia long ago ceased to manufacture the coarse goods demanded by the Southern market.

The democratic caucus committee of the House, at Harrisburg, has decided to recommend the abolition of the following offices:

Two assistant-sergeant-at-arms, $800 each; one assistant doorkeeper, $600; two assistant messengers, $600 each; five pasters and folders, $600 each; nine pages at $200 each. Should the report of the committee be adopted it will leave the officers of the House as follows: Chief clerk, $2,500; resident clerk, $2,000; reading clerk, $1,500; message clerk, $1,000; transcribing clerk, $800; sergeant-at-arms, $800; two assistant sergeant-at-arms, $800 each; doorkeeper, $600; messenger, $600; assistant messenger, $600; doorkeeper rotunda, $600; postmaster, $800; assistant postmaster, $600; superintendent folding room, $600; five pasters and folders, $600 each; watchman, $1,095; two janitors basement, $600 each; two firemen, $600 each; two janitors committee rooms, $600 each; janitor wash room, $600; six pages, $2 per day.

RESOLUTIONS OF REFORM AT HARRISBURG.

At a Democratic caucus a special committee reported that fourteen officers could be safely dispensed with, but that the law of 1874 made it mandatory upon the part of the House to elect them, and a resolution providing that no election for such officers be held for thirty days in order to allow a bill to be passed abolishing the offices was presented and discussed. In the Senate a resolution was presented to ascertain what officers could be dispensed with by that body, and providing that no election of minor officers be held until the Judiciary Committee, to which the resolution was referred, shall report. In the House a similar resolution was adopted.

The Senate has passed the bonded whiskey bill and the House the Civil Service bill which will of course have Arthur's signature.

Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Finance, reported the House bill to reduce internal revenue taxation, with an amendment embracing an entire revision of the tariff and the machinery for its collection. He said that so far as internal revenue taxation was concerned, the committee felt bound to report the bill as it was left by the Senate, whatever might have been their own views as to the amendment granting a rebate tax on tobacco. He gave notice that he would ask the Senate next to take up the bill and consider it to the exclusion of all other business, till it should be disposed of.

The wife of Charles E. Slocum, residing at Plano, Ill., recently applied for a divorce on the ground of infidelity. On Friday night Slocum sought her, confessed his guilt and promised to reform, and begged her to return to him, but she refused, whereupon he drew a revolver and shot himself dead.

ATHEISTS' OATHS INVALID.

An opinion was delivered by Judge Briggs in the Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia, in which he ruled that atheists and all others who do not believe in a Divine Being and divine rewards and punishments are incompetent to take oath in a court of justice. The matter was brought up on a motion for a new trial in the suit of Lucas against Piper, the ground for the motion being that Judge Briggs had admitted the testimony of Robert Becker, who said that though he believed in the Creator of the Universe and in a Supreme Power which would punish him here for false swearing; he did not believe in God as commonly understood by the people, nor in a personal God, nor God as an entity. There was no other evidence in support of the objection to the witness. "Something more is required to render one competent as a witness," said the Judge, "than a belief in a Supreme Power simply as a power or principle, which may be the resistless natural laws as exhibited by the motion and operation of the elements, and to violate which will surely bring punishment here to a transgressor. The belief required by our laws is a belief in the existence of an Omnicient Supreme Being, who will impose divine punishment for perjury either in this world or in the next. If the belief be short of this it falls under the ban of legal condemnation." After citing several authorities to sustain his ruling Judge Briggs continued:—"It hence follows that the faith of a witness should be a religious belief of some kind in the existence of an Omnicient Being who will reward and punish either here or here after for good and evil doings—a belief in a power as exhibited by the force of nature and calling it supreme, and yet to ignore that power is the handwork of the omnicient and omnipotent God, is totally insufficient to meet the law's requirements. Nor is any advance gained by asserting that he who violates the law of nature will be punished, for admittedly such punishment will follow with unerring certainty. While the witness, Becker, said he believed in a supreme power that would punish him here for false swearing he would not say that he believed that power was divine, and he totally denied the personality of God and of God as generally understood by the people. With such a belief how can he be said to be in fear of divine punishment for testifying falsely? His belief being defective in this respect it falls short of one of the legal requirements, which is indispensable to entitle him to be examined as a witness in the courts of this State. It follows that I erred in receiving his testimony and that a new trial should be ordered.

A writer in last week's New York *Observer* lays down six rules for prayer, in an article that would fill two columns of the REPORTER. We never had an idea there was one rule for prayer, let alone six long ones. If there is a rule at all that needs following, the best and simplest one will be found in Mat. vi, 9-13, or in Luke xviii, 13, 14. If prayer is to be offered according to rules, then it will soon become a science and the educated only will be able to engage in supplications to the Throne of grace. But, fortunately, there are no rules for prayer, and the above references only go to prove it, it is so simple to pray that no human creature is without the ability to pray, and has perfect liberty to follow his own rule, only so there be sincerity in the prayer. To lay down rules for prayer in the estimation of the REPORTER, is hyfalutin theology that will never be recognized by Providence, and sinners who will pray only by rule, may, some time or other, find themselves ruled out.

The total immigration to the United States for 1882, at all ports, was about 735,000. This estimate is based on Custom House official returns for all months except December, the arrivals of which month are placed at 30,000. The total immigration at all ports in 1881 was a little over 719,000, showing an increase of about 10,000 in the past year.

The countries from which the immigrants come and the number contributed by each were as follows: Germany, 232,000; England and Wales, 81,000; Ireland, 70,000; Scotland, 17,000; Sweden, 59,000; Norway, 57,000; Canada, 89,000; all other countries, 160,000.

At President Arthur's New Years reception, there was a sudden death, which cast a gloom over the large party of distinguished visitors present. Judge Allen, the Hawaian Minister, fell over suddenly and expired. The reception was at its most brilliant stage when Judge Allen fell.

A finger-board should now be put in the House at Harrisburg, with this inscription: Give the people the promised reform.

It was formally decided in the U. S. Court at New York last week that watering whiskey, however it may be a fraud on the purchaser, is not a fraud on the Government, and not punishable, therefore, under the internal revenue laws. The internal revenue officers had seized several barrels of whisky, on which the tax had been duly paid and which bore the proper stamps showing such payment and the number of gallons they contained; but it was charged that after having been inspected, gauged and stamped, a large quantity of liquor had been drawn off and an equal quantity of water substituted—all this while the whisky remained in the original stamped barrels; and it was alleged that this was a fraud which forfeited the spirits to the government. The defendant admitted the adulteration, which, he said, "was the universal custom among retail liquor dealers," but he contended that the Government had not been defrauded; that the full tax on every gallon of proof spirits in the barrels had been paid, and, therefore the Government had no claim. The court gave judgement for the defendant. The internal revenue is intended to protect, not the consumer, but the Government only, against fraud and imposition in the adulteration of whisky.

The Mayor of Salem, Mass., committed suicide, by hanging, at the close of his term last week. In Philadelphia, Wm. Baldwin, Chief Commissioner of Highways, died suddenly while on his way to the chamber of the City Councils, where a successor was to be chosen, he being a candidate for re-election, but his friends thought he would fail; his death is attributed to undue excitement.

If the fate of persons going out of place were that of the Salem Mayor, and of those wanting place that of Commissioner Baldwin, office seeking would soon be among the lost arts.

The steamship City of Brussels was run down in the English channel, by another steamer, and ten persons were drowned.

The Senate has a presidential succession bill under discussion, to provide for any case that might arise thro' the death of the President, Vice President, or other officer now in the line of succession.

The absconding Treasurer of Tennessee was arrested in Texas.

Chicago dealers have started a corner in corn, buying up millions of bushels on Saturday. On Monday it was up to 57¼.

Gambetta's funeral was attended by 300,000 people, and 2000 bouquets were sent by his friends.

AN AGED COUPLE FOUND DEAD IN BED.

This community was startled on last Thursday evening upon hearing the report that James Buchan and his wife, Margaret, who resided about one mile west of Lewistown, had been found dead in bed. The writer immediately repaired to the late residence of the deceased persons, and found the report true, both husband and wife side by side in the same bed in the cold embrace of death. As to how long this aged couple had been dead of course is a mystery, but, in the opinion of the physician present, Dr. Vanvalzah, they had been dead at least 12 hours. What lead to the discovery of their bodies was that William Nighthart's wife had been up to the house about noon on Thursday, but could not get in, all the doors being locked. She reported this fact to Joseph Miller, the nearest neighbor, who made an investigation, which revealed the facts as above stated. Although Mr. Buchan had been totally blind for five or six years, and in an almost helpless condition, his death was not looked for. He was aged about 55 years. Mrs Buchan had apparantly been enjoying good health, and was in town on Monday and Wednesday preceding her sudden death, and at that time showed no signs of her approaching end. It is said that she was afflicted with heart disease, and the presumptions are that Mr. Buchan died first, and that the excitement caused thereby produced a severe attack of her disease, which terminated fatally. It is certain that both died some time during Wednesday night, as both were in their night clothes. Mr. Buchan was lying nicely covered, and had evidently passed away quietly, while Mrs. Buchan lay upon the top of the bed clothing, with her arms about her head, face down.—Lewistown *Free Press*, Jan. 4.

ENGLAND.

Bradford, December 27.—This morning a tall chimney fell upon a building full of operatives, many of whom were believed to be killed. It is now ascertained that twenty-four operatives were killed and forty seriously injured.

Later it was found that thirty-six persons were killed and fifty others are injured, mostly women and children. Owing to the amount of debris the exact number killed cannot be learned for two or three days. The total damage is estimated at over £60,000. About three thousand persons are thrown out of employment. Eight mills having flue connections with the falling chimney are brought to a stand-still.

A Bedford county singing school broke up in a first class row, in which the fair sex bore a conspicuous part.

GAMBETTA'S FUNERAL

PARIS, January 4,—At 9.25 o'clock this morning immense crowds had already assembled at the palais bourbon waiting to see Gambetta's coffin. Deputations from Alsace Lorraine will form a conspicuous figure in the funeral procession. The insulting comments of some Bonapartist reactionary papers caused intense indignation The offending journals are torn to pieces and stamped upon in the cafes. Victor Hugo is expected to attend the funeral and deliver a short oration.

Immense crowds surround the Palais Bourbon, in which the body of Gambetta is now lying in state. The mere announcement that the remains were being brought to the city was sufficient to fill the streets and boulevards with an excited mass of citizens. The body is lying in the place which was arranged for its reception and for the purpose of giving the public free access to view the coffin, in which several memorials of the deceased have been placed. The tricolor flag covers the coffin, and near by are placed a number of simple floral decorations. The preparations for the funeral are going on rapidly.

The Journal De Paris declares convincing proof that domestic affairs had nothing whatever to do with the pistol shot wound of Gambetta will be published when the proper moment arrives.

It is estimated between 200 000 and 300,000 persons will be present at the funeral.

Only four speeches will be delivered at Gambetta's funeral, in the name of the French Government, Chamber of Deputies, the Bar and Government of National Defense. The speakers probably will be Fullieres, Minister of the interior. Deputy Brisson, Falouteuf and Jules Ferry. President Grevy will follow the cortege for some distance.

The coffin lies in the ballroom of Palais Bourbon, covered with wreaths. Three hundred Republican members of the Chamber of deputies, headed by President Brisson, walked round the coffin.

PHILAD. PRODUCE.

Philadelphia, January 8.—Wheat and corn higher. Seeds—Clover is firm at 11¼ to 12c. Timothy, 1.70 to 1 90. Flour—Minnesota extras 5 00 to 5.75; Penn'a family 4.65 to 4.75; western do. at 4.75 to 5 40, and patents at 6 00 to 7.52.

Wheat was steady, with 1.10½ bid and 1.10¾ asked for No. 1 red January. Corn was firmer, with 64¼ bid and 66 asked. Oats were stronger, with 47½ bid and 48¼ asked for No. 2 white.

Whisky is steady at $1 20 for Western.

New York, January 8.—Flour more active and shades stronger. Wheat, cash; higher and stronger; options weak and lower; No. 2 red, 1.11¾ to 1.13½; do January, 1.11¾; February, 1.13⅛; March 1.15¼. Corn higher; closed dull and weaker; No. 2, 69 to 70¾; do January, 68⅝; February, 66 7 8; March, 66⅜. Oats higher; more active No. 2, 46¼; do. white, 48¼ to 48½; No. 2 46¼ to 46½; Feb. 46¼ to 46¾; March, 46¾ to 47⅛.

Philadelphia.—Cattle, prime 6¾ @ 7; good 6@6⅝. Sheep—prime 6½@6¼; good 5⅝@6. Lambs 5@7. Calves 7 @10. Hogs—prime 9⅜at 9½. good 9@ 9½.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

Unless all signs fail, remarks the Lock Haven *Journal*, railroad building will be lively in Clinton county next year. The Susquehanna and Southwestern Company has positively announced that their railroad will be constructed from Jersey Shore up to Beech Creek. We were informed by Hon. L. A. Mackey, who has just returned from Philadelphia, that an agreement has been executed between the Williamsport and Clearfield Railroad Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Bald Eagle Valley and the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, under which a railroad will be built from the mouth of Beech Creek to Snow Shoe during the next year. A contract has been made with a substantial party in New York to construct it by the first of September next.

WORSE AND WORSE.

CINCINNATI, January 4.—A Mt. Vernon, Ohio, special says: Mrs. Stillwell has made a still further confession that she murdered her mother at Ottumwa, Iowa, after she had been injured in a railroad accident. She says she is guilty of other crimes which she will not divulge. When asked of what her father died she said, "Cutthroat." Her father mysteriously disappeared. Physicians pronounce her of sound mind.

Four masked men captured, bound and gagged four inmates of J E Arnold's farmhouse, twenty miles from Chicago, near Downer's Grove on Wednesday evening, and securing $1 200 in cash rode away on four of Mr Arnold's horses. None were captured. An old farm hand is suspected of complicity in the affair.

Gov. Curtin having received notice that the 20th congressional dis is entitled to the nomination of a cadet in the military academy at West Point, a competitive examination will be held at Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 17th day of January, 1883, and the examiners will report to him the person who, on examination is the best qualified and an alterate.

An Orbisonia pig and goose have formed a co-partnership. Such alliances are far from uncommon.

The Danube has inundated Presburg, near Vienna.

Smallpox is epidemic in Baltimore.

Home Economics.

ANCHOVY SAUCE.—Make a drawn butter sauce and add to it two or three teaspoonfuls of anchovy paste. When it thickens remove it from the fire; you may add lemon juice if you like it.

ENGLISH POUND CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, twelve eggs, one pound of raisins, three pounds of currants, half a pound of citron, half a pound of almonds, a gill of brandy. Bake like Palmetto cake.

SOFT ICING.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually a half pound of best pulverized sugar, beat well for at least half an hour, flavor with lemon juice. To color a delicate pink, use strawberry, currant or cranberry juice, or the grated peeling of an orange or lemon moistened with the juice and squeezed through a thin cloth, will color a handsome yellow.

BEEFSTEAK WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Take a dozen ripe tomatoes, skin and scald them (canned tomatoes may be used); put them in a saucepan with half a pint of good beef gravy; season with salt and pepper, and put them to stew for an hour. When the steak is nicely broiled send it to table with the sauce in a tureen.

PARADISE PUDDING.—Pare, core, and mince three apples into small pieces, and mix them with one quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, three eggs, three ounces of sugar, three ounces of currants, the rind of one-half lemon, one-half wineglass of brandy, salt and grated nutmeg to taste. Put the pudding into a buttered mould, tie it down with a cloth, boil for two hours, and serve with sweet sauce.

CELERY SOUP.—Boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk until it will pass through a sieve. Grate the white part of three heads of celery on a bread grater; add this to the milk after it has been strained; put to it a quart of strong veal stock; let it boil till the celery is very tender. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and serve.

HAM.—To boil a ham, scrape and wash carefully in plenty of cold water Put it to cook in boiling water enough to cover it entirely, hock end up; let it remain on the front of the stove till the ham begins to boil; then put it back, and let it simmer steadily for three hours. Take it off the fire, and let the ham remain in the water it is boiled in till cool enough to handle; then skin it, put in a baking pan and sprinkle with about three ounces of brown sugar; run your pan into a hot oven, and let it remain a half-hour, or until the sugar has formed a brown crust. This not only improves the flavor of the ham but preserves its uices.

RABBIT.—Cut up the rabbit, remove the breastbone and bone the legs. Put the rabbit, a few slices of ham, a few forcemeat balls and three hard boiled eggs, by turns, in layers, and season each with pepper, salt, two blades of pounded mace, and one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Pour in about one-half pint of water, cover with crust, and bake in a well heated oven for about one hour and a half. When done pour in at the top, through the hole in the middle of the crust, a little good gravy, which may be made of the breast and leg bones of the rabbit and two or three shank bones flavored with onion, herbs and spices. Rabbits, which are in the best condition in midwinter, may be fricasseed like chicken in white or brown sauce. To roast, stuff with a dressing made of bread-crumbs, chopped salt pork, thyme, onion, and pepper and salt, sew up, rub over with a little butter or pin on it a few slices of salt pork, add a little water in the pan, and baste often. Serve with mashed potatoes and currant jelly.

"He Needs It.'

During the late political campaign the friends of a man who wanted to be a candidate for the Assembly said, in urging his nomination: "He is a poor man, with a large family. He needs it."

As a rule, the pay of an Assemblyman hardly meets his current expenses at Albany. Therefore, it would be folly for a poor man with a large family to seek a nomination for the Assembly as a means of bettering his condition, if he intended to be content with his legitimate pay.

The inference is obvious. The impecunious candidate wanted to go to Albany for the sake of the stealings which he could "realize" as a member of the Legislature. That is what he "needed." And the friends who were urging his nomination on the ground that he "needed it," must have known that.

President Bontoux and Mangera Feder, of the Union Generale, have lodged an appeal, which will be heard in February, against their sentence at Paris for acts in connection with the management of that institution.

Women's Work.

Mrs. Stanton speaks of "the individual sacredness that comes of a personal bank account," in a paper in the current number of the *North American Review*, and the remark is one eminently suggestive. The difference of having or not having, a little fund of money of one's own, is no only a question of finance but is representative of the atmosphere of ease nd independence of personal inclination, or that of independence on the will and judgment of another. The woman who earns her own money and who spends it at her own sweet will has, to this extent at least, a degree of solid satisfaction in life. Every woman has countless ways in which she likes to spend money without talking the matter over with any one. She has her own little private charities, her gifts, her tastes.

Mrs. Stanton says the love of accumulation is as strong in woman as in man, but that is perhaps rather a sweeping generalization. A woman usually cares more for money as a present currency for what it will do and give to herself and others than for its hoarding or growth. Of remunerative employment Mrs. Stanton adds:

Next to freedom of locomotion and individual independence as element of health, comes the necessity of remunerative employment and pleasant mental occupation. Woman is now in the transition period from the old to the new, and is struggling to serve a higher purpose in life than she has heretofore known. All girls are not satisfied with the amusements society has to offer, nor all women with the position of wives, mothers, and housekeepers; and it is the want of congenial employment that makes the lives of women so vacant and their health so uncertain. The love of accumulation is as strong in women as in men. It is a great satisfaction to know that one has acquired the skill to make a livelihood; has the power to shape conditions; is free to gratify tastes; to choose surroundings; to enjoy a little of that individual sacredness that comes from a personal bank account. Statistics show that girls taking a college course are more healthy than those who lead listless lives in society; that women who do business are far more vigorous than those who are mere household dependents.

That the want of congenial employment is enough to make life empty few can doubt; yet, when one looks at things as they are it is a source of absolute astonishment to find so many women working in ways which are to them a burden, and at pursuits for which they have no vocation.

Some one has recently said that the great question which interests women at present is as to how they may obtain employment without becoming factory hands or being employed in shops. How do men obtain employment without recourse to these? The question for the one, as for the other, answers itself. People escape the lower by fitting themselves for the higher, and then by resolutely insisting on taking the higher. If a woman will allow herself to be shoved to the wall and stay there quietly she will doubtless find the way easy. But that there is the slightest necessity for her doing so is not true. A woman can do what she will, if she has the strength to will anything. A little staying power is a very good element in life.

It is not worth while to be discouraged and throw up matters which one has deliberately chosen. One obstacle in the way of successful work for women and the power of establishing the sacredness of a personal bank account is the false pride that exist among a certain class of women who are ashamed of having it known that they work for money. The decorative art societies and the Woman's Exchange are the principal markets for work that is done *sub rosa*. Such work is always under a disadvantage. The caution necessary to defend the reputation of the artisan against the possible suspicion of knowing how to do anything useful or ornamental results in sadly limiting her resources. The key to a great deal of satisfaction, if not of speculative happiness in life, is to discover that work for which one has a vocation, and then pursue it to remunerative ends, and the sacredness of the individual bank account.

Sir Peter and the Cow.

While in Montreal I heard a good story of Sir Peter Mitchell, member of Parliament from New Brunswick, of whom I spoke in a recent letter. He was an opposition member during the lamentable government of Sir John Mackenzie in the last decade, and was a constant and most uncomfortable thorn in the side of that unhappy premier. Sir John was a conspicuous railroad magnate, and just before the opening of Parliament one winter Sir Peter called on him to induce him to pay $40 for a widow's cow that had been run over by the cars. "I don't believe there's anything in it!" exclaimed the premier, peremptorily; 'it's probably a trumped-up case, but 'll inquire and you call to-morrow."

The gentleman from New Brunswick was not used to being treated so cavalierly, but he pocketed it and called in the morning.

"There's no justice in it. We won't pay for the cow," broke in Sir John.

"You won't; won't you?" rejoined Sir Peter, with a manner quite as bouncing as that of the leader of the government. "Have you been there or sent there and investigated it?"

"No, I haven't, but I won't pay for the cow. It's a mere trifle, and she ought to have kept off the track."

"Don't the law say you shall have a fence?"

"I won't pay for the cow, now; and that's all the answer you'll get."

"You won't pay for the widow's cow; won't you, Sir John Mackenzie? I will make you pay for it," exclaimed Sir Peter, now thoroughly aroused.

"You will; will you! How will you?" growled the premier.

"I'll take it out of you during the session, as sure as you are a living man. The widow's $40 isn't anything, isn't it? I'll take it out of you!"

It was an Irishman against a Scotchman, and both were angry. The sequel proved that Sir Peter took it out of him very thoroughly. He is a round-headed man, a hard worker, a pugnacious and redoubtable foe, an unforgiving enemy, bold and elegant in debate, no dilettante, but a hard hitter, and some of his onslaughts were furious. If he had not great tact he had great force, and he never forgot the cow. In the speeches he made every day against the measures and methods of the government, then under serious suspicion, he told the story of the cow and trotted her out with a frequency that must have seemed like cruelty to animals.

Finally the last day of the session dawned, and the consideration of Mackenzie's expense budget was resumed. It provided the appropriations for the coming year.

Sir Peter Mitchell took the floor and launched into a eulogy of the deceased cow and the propriety of making an appropriation for the widow. He was greeted with laughter and mocking applause, and then his auditors waited uneasily for him to finish. He continued. He told the story over again with embellishments and elaborations. He contrasted the stinginess of the wealthy ruler with the quiet endurance of the penniless widow.

He began to read from the Bible the commands to mercy, justice and charity, when the honorable members straggled out one by one to dinner. Sir Peter bit a biscuit, drank a swallow of water, and continued, impressing upon the empty chairs about him the tender duties and graces of humanity. Members straggled in again. He quoted the Song of the Shirt. They appealed to him to draw his remarks to a close. He retold the story of the cow. Meantime, Sir John Mackenzie was perspiring with wrath and anxiety in the premier's apartment hard by. All his hopes were bound up in the appropriation budget. What if it should not come to vote! The honorable member from New Brunswick could not be stopped, for this was the one bill in the Canadian Parliament on which a member could speak as long as he wished. There was no way of cutting short the debate. No motion was in order while he was speaking, except the motion to adjourn—and that would be adjournment *sine die*. The Government members were in consternation, as the orator delivered a speech on the blessings of vaccination, gave statistics on the cost of fences in the United States, passed an elaborate enconium on the superiority, for draft purposes, of Devon cattle, to which class the deceased domestic friend of the bereaved widow belonged, and then began to describe the religious ceremonies in which the sacred cow of Burmah takes part, when the bell rang for vespers. A short time more and the session would expire by law, and the Government had passed no appropriation bill!

At this critical juncture one of the Government members returned excitedly from the Premier's room, rushed to the orator's desk, and exclaimed: "In the name of God, what ails you, Mitchell? What do you want?" "—still, said Sir Peter, finishing the sentence he had on his lips, "not a cent has ever been paid for the widow's cow!" The member uttered a vehement exclamation about that animal, and added: "Sir John Mackenzie authorizes me to say that he will pay for the cow, if you'll let this bill come to a vote."

Sir Peter sat down rather tired, and the widow got her pay. The Government organs declared that the widow's cow had cost $40,000. Her champion is still known in Canada as Bismarck Mitchell, on account of his boldness and shrewdness in outwitting a Cabinet and making himself long the adviser-in-chief of a vacillating Governor.

What is the difference between Solomon and Rothschild? One was king of the Jews and the other Jew of the kings.

Agricultural.

Without sheep English farmers could not keep up the fertility of their land. There are three sheep to four acres kept in England, while Americans only average one sheep to thirty-four acres.

One of the best disinfectants, says the *Poultry Bulletin*, is Condy's fluid, which is made by putting one ounce of potass. permanganate in a pint of cold water. For use one ounce of this fluid should be added to half a pint of water.

Ducks can be raised with profit, if kept under favorable conditions. An English farmer raises annually about 1200 for the London market. Many of them are hatched in winter and kept under cover till the approach of warm weather.

The *United States Veterinary Journal*, Chicago, recommends the following as a remedy for heaves: Powered resin, two ounces; tartare metic, two ounces; Spanish brown, two ounces, and Cayenne pepper, two ounces. Mix, and give two teaspoonfuls a day in soft feed.

In some parts of the West the large oat crop and deficiency in corn will cause the substitution of oats for corn as feed for hogs. A bushel of corn weighs nearly twice as much as one of oats. If ground together the mixture makes a better feed for growing pigs and breeding sows than either grain alone.

A correspondent of the *Breeder Gazette* is of the opinion that fattening hogs in large numbers under one management is not attended always with success, as they do not seem to thrive when many are fed and kept together. The same care cannot possibly be given them as is done with only a few, as cleanliness is indispensible to the health of the animals.

The following is stated to be a nearly correct rule for measuring corn in cribs: Having leveled the corn in the crib, measure the length, breadth, and depth, and multiply them together and deduct from the product one-fifth, and you have the number of bushels in the ear; for shelled corn take one-half of this. To be strictly correct, add half a bushel for every one hundred.

Harness should never be kept in the stable where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word, ammonia rots leather, and hence keeping harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage more or less.

Regarding artificial incubators it may be safely stated that there are several kinds that work well, but only in the hands of carereful, attentive esons. A beginner should try one of small capacity, for an occasional loss of a large number of eggs amounts to a sum sufficient to destroy the profits. The care of the young chicks is of more importance than the incubation of the eggs.

"The effect of a strong ray of light falling on milk" says the *Dairyman*, "is to develop the fermentive organisms that lead to the decomposition of the liquid. They are of a vegetable character, and need light as well as warmth to enable them to thoroughly do their work. It is best therefore to keep milk in the shade, not necessarily in a dark room, but away from the light of a window.

Of all roots, except potatoes, beets are most sensitive to frost. Carrots being mostly deep in the ground, will stand considerable freezing without much injury, provided they are left to thaw in the ground. Parsnips and vegetable oyster plants are better for being left out all winter, and of parsnips especially only enough should be put in the cellar for use when those out of doors cannot be gotten at.

A farmer writes to the Ohio *Farmer* that wheat lands need thorough working, and "then over again, and in a few days still again, and then it will pay you $5 a day to work it again with the proper tools, although you may think it already cannot be improved on. This is not very hard to work, except for the horses, as the driver can ride while cultivating and rolling, and while harrowing, if you have an improved harrow."

Not enough difference is made in the price of chickens well or poorly fed. To many persons one chicken is just as good as another; but one who appreciates differences in flavor there will be as wide a range as between different fruits. The difference is partly in the breed, but much also depends on feeding. Fowls left to get their own living eat many things when hungry that a well-fed fowl would not touch.—*American Cultivator.*

Never apply pure hen droppings or any pure guano directly on seeds or plants; applied pure it will destroy the germ of most plants. Properly prepared fowl manure may be applied with benefit to any crop, field or garden, broadcast or harrowed in, but is more economically employed in the hill or drill. As good a plan as any, probably, is to gather the droppings as often as once a week, and mix with ay twice their bulk of dry earth.

Kathy's Music Box.

"Well," said Kathy, trying to look cheerful, "we've got a good fire, if we haven't got any supper, and that's one comfort, this freezing night."

Mikey spread out his little blue hands over the bright blaze with an air of satisfaction, but at the mention of supper his round face lengthened visibly, and he looked wistfully toward the empty cupboard.

"We might do without the shupper very well, as we had praties for dinner, but what shall we have for aiting in the morning, sure?" said thoughtful Johnny, with his little Irish tongue.

"I cannot tell," said Kathy, sighing, "but the saints will not let us starve. Perhaps Mrs. Arnold will be ready to pay me for my work by that time. Then we'll have a nice breakfast, if it is a late one."

"Hot cakes and sirup," suggested Mikey, smacking his lips, as if he were already tasting the delicious compound. "You don't look as if you could bide that long without a morsel to pit in your mouth. You were afther giving all the dinner till us, and didn't ate the full of a thimble yoursel. You'll be getting the sickness again if you do that way, Kathy."

Kathy did feel faint. It was true that she had scarcely tasted a mouthful of dinner, and, as she had been ill, she felt the need of food more than she usually did in her days of fasting. It was no common thing for her to go without her dinner and supper both, but now it seemed as if she could not "bide" until the next day, without even a crust of bread.

"Shan't I go and see if Mr. Finn would trust us just this once, for a loaf of bread and a bit of tay? Tay is just the thing you need," said Johnny after musing awhile, with his grave eyes fixed on the fire.

"I don't know but you may, Johnny," said Kathy, hesitatingly. "He refused to do so once, though, and I'd rather do almost anything than ask him again."

"O," said Mikey, dancing about the floor, "I'll be putting the tay-kettle on right away. Won't it be jolly if we have the bread and the tay;" and his little freckled face fairly beamed with delight.

But Kathy looked very sad and anxious.

"Tell him that we will pay him tomorrow if possible, and if not, then on the day after," said she to Johnny, who was buttoning his old threadbare coat, in which to brave the bitter night.

"The tay kettle 'il be biling in a minute," said Mikey, placing it over the glowing coals as soon as Johnny had gone. "Hark till you hear it sing, Kathy."

"Poor little fellow," thought Kathy, "I am so afraid he will be disappointed! O, what a dreadful thing it is to be so poor, and what will happen to us if I don't get some work pretty soon?"

"There!" said Mikey, after a few moments of silence. "It is beginning to sing now, and don't it be jolly? It is singing for good luck. I know it is, for I never heard it make a noise that pleasant!"

It did make a pleasant noise, truly; but Johnny had been gone a long time, and Kathy began to feel anxious. At last his step sounded on the stairs, and Mikey rushed to open the door.

"O dear! he hasn't got anything, Kathy? I suppose Mr. Finn wouldn't let him have anything. What a mean old man."

"Mr. Finn says he isn't going to trust anybody any more; but he wants to know if you wouldn't be after selling that music-box of yours—says he'll pay you $4 for it," said Johnny, all out of breath.

"Sell my music-box!" exclaimed Kathy. "What a strange idea? How did he know that I had such a thing?"

"He says he's heard it many a time when he's been after goin' by the house, and he likes the tunes it plays."

"Indeed!" said Kathy, almost indignant that one should dare to propose such a thing as her selling the thing she prized most on earth, for it belonged to her sailor brother Jamie, who was lost at sea three or four years before. When he went away he told her never to part with it if she could help it. And though Kathy had been in sore straights before, and had been obliged to sell everything that they could possibly spare from their little stock of household furniture to procure fuel and bread, she never had thought of sparing the music-box. Not only because it was Jamie's did she value it, but its music had always been a great comfort to her. It played sweet, plaintive old Irish and Scotch tunes, and she kept it wound up nearly all the time, and, while she was at her work, it carried her thoughts away into pleasanter places. It was the chief delight and pride of both Johnny and Mikey, and it was seldom that they were willing to let it remain silent for one moment.

Mikey's disappointment was too much for him, and he began to cry in spite of himself. The tea kettle's merry song was unendurable now. It seemed spiteful and mocking, someway, as it sent its fantastic wreaths of steam into the smoky air of the dingy old kitchen.

Kathy sat down, and, leaning her head on her hand, began to think. How much good $4 would do them now, for there was no certainty that she could obtain any money to-morrow, and how could they live all that time without food? Then there was only coal enough to last until the middle of the next day, if the weather should be as cold as it was now. She felt as if she ought to part with the music-box, but how could she?

"What do you say, Johnny!" she said at last. "Do you think we had better sell the music-box?"

"Shure you know best," said Johnny, pulling confusedly at his coat button.

"Four dollars is a big heap of money! Wouldn't it buy plinty o' shuppers?"

"Not so very many, dear," said Kathy, doubtfully, "but I suppose we must sell it, after all. I cannot work and go without food, and if I should be sick again we should all starve."

But the tears came into her eyes when she looked upon the poor old music-box and thought it would be for the last time. Mikey's tears began to flow afresh, and Johnny looked as if he was going to lose his last friend.

"Let's hear it once more before we part with it, anyway," said Kathy, winding it up and setting it to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

"It seems to me that it never sounded so nice before," said Johnny, placing it on the window-sill and leaning over it fondly.

But the music-box acted as if it were bewitched. It never had been known to act in that way before. Instead of playing "Auld Lang Syne" through in its ordinary proper and sedate manner, all of a sudden there came a little snap, and dropped the plaintive old melody and struck merrily into "What's a' the Steer, Kimmer?"

Kathy looked frightened, it was such an extraordinary freak, for she was sure that she wound it up to its fullest extent.

"Shure," said Johnny "I niver heard the likes of it! It must be a good sign." And he hummed the words:

> "What's a' the steer, Kimmer?
> What's a' the steer?
> Jamie has lance i
> And soon he will be here!"

"How did you know Jamie had landed?" broke in a blithe voice from the doorway. "Bless the old music-box, Kathy! I never should have found you if it hadn't been for that."

Kathy grew white to the very lips, and would have fallen if Jamie had not caught her in his arms. For it was the same Jamie whom they had so long supposed dead, and the sight of his face again overcame her entirely. But she soon came to her senses, and such a happy meeting as it was you never saw in all your life. Johnny and Mikey fairly danced for joy when they came to realize who the stranger was, and the old music-box sang as it never sang before.

"I thought you were dead, Jamie," said Kathy, at last. "The papers said that the Fearless was wrecked, and all on board perished."

"I know that," said Jamie, "and the Fearless was wrecked, but two others of the crew beside myself were saved. We managed to cling to the wreck until a vessel came along and took us in. Six months after that I was at home once more, but you were gone from the old place, and though I spent months in searching for you I could find no trace of you. How did you happen to come to Boston, Kathy?"

"Oh, I heard that rent was cheaper, and that I could obtain work more easily here," said Kathy.

"But things look as if you had had a hard time, my poor little sister," said Jamie, looking about the bare, comfortless room.

Then Mikey made haste to tell him that they hadn't anything to eat in the house and were going to sell the music-box.

"Sell the music-box!" exclaimed Jamie. "Why, I would as soon sell you, you little midget! I guess I can pick up money enough to buy some supper. The music-box told me where you were. I heard it as it sat on the window-sill while I was going by, and knew its voice in a moment."

Jamie did pick up money enough to buy some supper, and a jolly one they had, such as the boys had not dreamed of for a long time. Afterward they found out that he had been in Australia, and had filled his pockets pretty well there. So they had a nice, cozy little house of their own; Johnny and Mikey were sent to school as proud as two little princes, in nice new clothes, and Kathy gave up her sewing to be Jamie's housekeeper.

This happened a long time ago, but as Johnny, who cannot get the burr out from under his tongue, declares, "they have never been out o' shuppers since, and the music-box sits on the sitting-room table, and sings just as lively as ever, shure."

ONLY WAIT.

When the spirit worn and weary,
'Neath its daily load of care,
Finds the pathway long and dreary,
And the burden hard to bear;
Tired with hoping, faint with fearing,
Sighs to reach the golden gate;
Then, in accents soft and cheering,
Patience whispers, "Only wait;
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
Only wait."

O sad hearts, whose soundless sorrow
Dares not let a murmur fall,
Only wait and trust the morrow—
God's great love is over all.
Only wait, O wounded spirit,
By the cross of life weighed down;
Thou shalt surely earth inherit—
Bear the cross and win the crown;
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
Only wait.

Our Young Folks.

The Boy and the Highwayman.

At a social gathering in New York city, not very long since, a Scottish gentleman told the following story. A Lancashire boy—John Willet by name—was sent by his father to the fair at Warrington, to sell a cow. The lad led the cow six miles to the fair grounds, where he was fortunate enough not only to make a ready sale, but to obtain a larger price than had been anticipated. Having completed his business, the lad looked around until he became tired, when he concluded to set forth on his way homeward.

In all probability his sale of the cow and his pocketing of the proceeds had been watched by a man who had determined to get the money if he could. The possibility of being robbed did not occur to the boy—especially as it was broad daylight, and in a public thoroughfare, near the large town of Warrington.

The boy started for home. At a lonely spot, the road led through a deep vale, beneath the shade of overhanging willows, a man on horseback came up from behind, passed on a few yards, and then suddenly wheeled about, and demanded young Willet's money or his life.

"No fooling, lad! I saw you take the gold piece and the silver. Hand it over, or you are a dead boy."

The lad looked at man and horse—the one an evil, blear-eyed fellow, the other sleek and handsome—and then started back upon the run, for the robber was between him and his home.

Of course the highwayman spurred on in pursuit; and when the boy knew that the pursuer was upon him, he leaped upon one side, then took the silver pieces from his pocket and cast them away upon the ground at the roadside, and started as though he would run again.

With an oath the man leaped from his horse and hastened to where he saw several of the shillings and half-crowns amongst the grass, probably thinking he could secure those, and then overtake the boy at his leisure.

But the boy had a plan of his own. On the instant the man leaped from his saddle, he stopped and picked up a large stone; the robber stooped over to pick the silver from the grass; young Willet made a bound and hurled the stone at the man, striking him on the back of the head, and knocking him down. After this, to leap into the robber's saddle and start for home was the work of but a moment.

And the boy reached his home without further adventure, where his father, astonished by the manner of his son's arrival, was still more astonished when he heard the story.

In the saddle-bags were found over ten pounds in silver, eight sovereigns, two gold watches and a beautiful gold mounted revolver.

The horse and the watches were advertised, and ere long a gentleman from Bolton appeared, and proved that the horse and one of the watches were his. He had offered ten pounds reward for his horse; and this sum he gladly paid. And when he had heard the boy's story, he made him a present of the watch, which was one of Dent's best chronometers. For the other watch no owner ever appeared, and that the father took.

A year later our hero was very sure he recognized his acquaintance of the highway in a convict who was on his way, with many others, to the penal colony of Botany Bay.

"As for John Willet himself," said Douglass, in conclusion, "the last time I saw him he was high sheriff of his county, and one of the most popular and efficient officers in the kingdom.

First Steamboat Down the Ohio.

In 1811, several years after Fulton had introduced steamboats on the Hudson, the first steamboat which ever sailed on the western waters was built at Pittsburgh.

She was called the New Orleans, and in October of that year she made her experimental voyage down the Ohio, carrying her builder, Mr. Roosevelt, his wife and family, the engineer, the pilot, six hands and several servants.

As there were then no wood or coal yards along the banks of the rivers, they were obliged to wait while the men went on shore, cut down trees and prepared them for fuel.

Mr. Rosevelt discovered, in a former voyage, a coal-bed near Yellow Banks on the Indiana side of the river, and purchased of the State government the privilege of taking fuel from it.

The early chronicles speak of the intense excitement created among the settlers along the Ohio by the appearance of the steamboat. No rumor of the strange boat had reached them; they gazed with astonishment as the singular craft without sails or oars, and ahead of the current, pass before them.

On a still, moonlight night, the vessel suddenly appeared before Louisville, and allowed the steam to escape from the steampipe. The inhabitants were alarmed, and rising from their beds, rushed out to ascertain the cause. Many fled in terror, declaring that the comet then visible had fallen into the Ohio, and produced the strange hissing sound.

On arriving at the coal-vein, it was discovered that a large quantity of coal had been quarried out and laid on the shore by thieves, who intended to carry it off.

While the hands were loading the boat with this coal, the settlers in great alarm flocked to inquire if they had not heard the strange noises on the river and in the woods during the previous day. The voyagers laughed at their fears, believing them to be created by the noise by the steamboat. But the squatters insisted that they had not only felt the earth tremble, but seen the shore shake.

The next day the voyage was resumed. The weather, though it was in November, was oppressively hot. The atmosphere was thick and heavy, though still. The sun shone like a red ball of fire. The vast solitudes around them and the surface of the water seemed enveloped in a mournful twilight. One chronicler describes it as "an awful day; so still you could have heard a pin drop on the deck."

In the night they often heard a rushing sound and a violent splash. Then large portions of the shore would tear away from the land and fall into the river. The voyagers were convinced that there had been an earthquake.

On the second day there was a similar strange appearance of the sky, and the terrible convulsions of nature increased. The pilot, becoming alarmed and confused, declared that he did not know which way to steer. The channel had been so changed, that where deep water had been there lay large trees, with their roots turned upwards.

The trees on the banks of the river swayed to and fro though there was no wind, and now and then some giant of the forest would be tossed into the roaring waters.

When night approached, the voyagers sailed hour after hour, seeking for a safe place to tie up the boat. At last they came to a little island, and there they moored.

All night they kept watch on deck. Many times they heard the noise as earth and trees slid from the shore and were swallowed up in the river. Some times the island was so shaken as to jar the boat from stem to stern.

The next morning they could not recognize any point—the shores and channel had been wholly changed, calling on, they found themselves near the mouth of the Ohio, and about noon reached a small town called New Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Many of the inhabitants had fled in terror to the higher ground, and those who remained pleaded to be taken on board.

From New Madrid they passed beyond the effect of the earthquake, but the river was found to be unusually swollen for the time of year, and full of trees. They reached Natchez the last week in January, 1812.

Since then many vessels have passed over those waters; but for strange adventures and fearful perils, we hardly believe any voyage will exceed that first trip down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.—*Ex.*

Covering Arrears.

There died a few weeks ago an old man who may be mentioned here as Uncle Reube. For thirty years he sold his vote as often as there was an election, making no bones about it and accepting the market price without a murmur. One fall, ten or twelve years ago, he went to the man who had generally bought him, and said: "Mr. Blank, I guess I won't sell my vote this time." "You won't! Why, what on earth ails you, Uncle Reube?" "Well, I want to see how it seems to cast a free ballot once." "You'd better take the usual two dollars." "No, I guess not; I'll try it the other way once, even if it kills me." He kept to his resolution and cast a free ballot, but he didn't feel right over it, and at the next election he insisted on having four dollars to cover arrears.

A Sea Trout.

In a strange lake in Norway it is well always to try first with spinning tackle, a bait trolled with a long line from a boat rowed slowly. It will tell you if there are fish to be caught; it will find out for you where the fish most haunt, if there are any. We had a curious experience of the value of this method on a later occasion, and on one of our failures. We found a lake joined to an arm of a fiord by 100 yards only of clear running water. We felt certain of finding salmon there, and if we had begun with flies we might have fished all day and have caught nothing. Instead of this we began to spin. In five minutes we had a run; we watched eagerly to see what we had got. It was a whiting pollock. We went on. We hooked a heavy fish. We assured ourselves that now we had at least a trout. It turned out to be a cod. The sea fish, we found, ran freely into fresh water, and had chased trout and salmon completely out. At Stromen we were in better luck. We started with phantom minnows on traces of single gut, 40 yards of line, and 40, more in reserve on the reel. Two men rowed us up the shore an arm's length from the rocks.

Something soon struck me. The reel flew round, the line spun out. In the wake of the boat there was a white flash, as a fish sprang into the air. Was it the Duchess salmon? It was very like it, any way, and if we had lost him, it would have been entered down as a salmon. It proved however, to be no salmon, but a sea trout, and such a sea trout as we had never seen; not a bull trout, not a peel, not a Welsh sewin, or Irish white trout, but a Norwegian, of a kind of its own, different from all of them. It was the first of many that followed, of sizes varying from three pounds to the twelve pounds which the mate had recorded; fine, bold fighting fish, good to look at, good to catch, and as good to eat when we tried them. Finally, in the shallower water at the upper end a fish took me, which from its movements was something else, and proved to be a large char, like what they take in Derwentwater, only four times the weight. Looking carefully at the water, we saw more char, swimming leisurely near the surface taking flies. We dropped our spinning tackle and took our fly rods, and presently we were pulling in char, the blood royal of the salmonidæ, the elect of all the finned children of the fresh water, as if they had been so many Thames Club.

English Strolling Players.

The company live wherever they can find lodgings among the working people of the neighborhood, generally sharing the kitchen as a sitting-room with the natives for the sake of cheapness. Fancy tragedy queens presiding over tea and bloater banquets, or Pauline, the proud beauty of Lyons, steaming her pride over the wash-tub, or Juliet with her sleeves tucked up and practically employed in making home-baked bread, to say nothing of Richard III. assisting in the domestic circle by peeling potatoes! All this, together with an occasional glimpse of faded stage finery blending with pots, pans, oddly assorted crockery, and mining or agricultural implements, and you have a picture at once unique and by no means rare. As a specimen of the art required to make their small funds go as far as possible with regard to marketing, the following fact is a fair sample. Four young men lodged together in the same house, sharing, in addition to the usual kitchen, a double-bedded room, and as they shared the room in pairs, so they lived with regard to food, each pair choosing whatever articles of consumption suited them best. On one occasion they all went together, one Saturday night, to purchase Sunday's dinner.

After a little wandering about among the butchers' stalls one couple purchased a small roast of beef, which looked quite a picture of mixed red and white—so much so, in fact, that the other couple decided for beef also and the caterer for the second pair, to his companion's astonishment, selected a piece perfectly lean, giving for the act of this economical reason: "Their beef is so mixed that most of it will turn to dripping, which the landlady manages to crib. Now, ours is all lean, and as both pieces are done together in one tin our meat gets the benefit of their fat, and we lose none o' the flesh!" Well, now, Saturday night has arrived, the booth is ready, a crowd assembled, and the company out on parade. The women pace backward and forward, linked arm in arm and are dressed with little or no regard to the unities of time or place. Look there, for instance, at that boy-like young lady, arrayed in all the faded glory of MacGregor hose and a Stuart plaid, to which are added a profusion of short white muslin skirts, with a low-necked bodice. I am afraid that such a costume would not be a desirable one among the Scotch mists of the Highlands. But what has nationality to do with the matter? It is the opening house in a new town; each lady wishes to frame her figure and face in the most fascinating way, and so wears whatever becomes her best; hence this mixture of garments, from the stately threadbare velvet down to the humble washed-out tarlatan.

"STONE THE WOMAN—LET THE MAN GO FREE."

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts lest they perchance
May touch her garments as she passes;
But to him put forth a willing hand
To clasp with his that led her to destruction
And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
Ways of toil, that she no more may win an
Honest meal; but ope to him all honorable
Paths, where he may win distinction.
Give to him fair, pressed down measures of
Life's sweetest joys. Pass her, O, maiden,
With a pure, proud face, if she pets out
A poor, polluted palm; but lay thy hand in
His on bridal day and swear to cling to him
With wifely love and tender reverence,
Trust him who led a sister woman
To a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But ah, now will it be
On that strange day of final fire and flame,
When men shall stand before the one true
Judge? Shall sex make then a difference in
Sin? Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden
Heart, in His eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

Anti-Corset Philosophy and History.

One poison is no rule for another in such matters. The letters in the *English Mechanic*, and a little book full of others, selected from a now extinct periodical which I met with about ten years ago, called *Figure-Training*, and others subsequently in the same magazine, amply prove that. The great majority of the writers—I may say all who wrote from their own experience—said they had found the tightest lacing they could bear, especially in stays quite stiff in front, both pleasant and beneficial, and among them was a surgeon. Some, however, find it expedient to remain under contraction only a few hours in the morning and the surgeon discarded his stays when taking strong exercise which seems natural; but others lace tightest for riding, and ladies mostly in the evening, and some enjoy and recommend confinement in stays all night also—an old practice which used to be enforced in some families and schools. Men generally prefer belts, but not a few wrote that they found regular long and stiff stays much nicer and better for their health. Two or three said they could stand and walk much longer in them than without, and that their health relapsed whenever they gave it up. Many had begun it under some kind of compulsion, but had soon come to like it, even after severe treatment at first. As I said before, the philosophers got much the worst of it in these discussions.

My philosophy about it is that all those statements of personal experience, with their variations in detail, are worth infinitely more for practical purposes than all the talk about lungs and diaphragms and capacity of chests (which vary a great deal naturally), nature and anatomy, Greek women in flesh and marble, and the unquestioned bad effect of unduly tight-lacing, which proves nothing but itself. Such a multitude of persons of all ages and kinds cannot possibly be either mistaken or lying about the fact of their own good health, or that of their children, pupils, schoolfellows, sisters, mothers and friends, notwithstanding or in consequence of their having been contracted into the smallest circumference they could bear for many years of their lives. It is very easy to be mistaken in attributing either good or bad health to a particular cause, but the fact of it cannot be doubtful. And that, with sundry medical letters such as I have alluded to, is the summary of all those letters containing any personal experience. There were one or two about ladies who had obstinately persisted, in the face of manifest warnings that they were injuring their health, and of course did so.

I remember reading years ago, in an extract from some medical newspaper I think, that the Empress of Austria was killing herself with tight lacing, for she happened to be ill, and was famous for the smallness of her waist—which seems to be specially cultivated there, and is even enforced on boys as well as girls, according to a gentleman who was at school in Vienna, and learned there to enjoy being laced as tight as possible in long and stiff stays, though he was very angry at it at first, as was the case with many others of the above-mentioned writers. Well, she is now a grandmother, and we are told every year that she is still conspicuous in our hunting fields for her riding and her figure.

In one of those letters an old lady of eighty-five said that she used to be contracted into fifteen inches when she was young, and, indeed, the compass of their own span, or from fourteen to fifteen inches was often spoken of, up to about forty years ago from very early times as the standard to be aimed at by ladies, and frequently reached and occasionally even thirteen; but more in foreign countries than this, though there was one confession of it in the book on figure-training. Of course, I am not advocating those extreme and foolish and dangerous reductions, but only using the fact that ladies lived long and in good health under them, to prove the monstrous exaggerations about the danger of waists which contain twice as much as those. You, at any rate, will see at once that a waist of twenty inches contains twice as much as one of fourteen, and eighteen nearly half as much again as fifteen.

I cannot imagine what books Lady F. Harberton has been reading—or not reading—to write such amazing things as that twenty-eight inches is a proper size for a young woman's waist, when it is a full size for a well-made young man.

It is just worth notice, on the reiterated assertions about Greek laxity, that the term, "wasp-waisted," in several forms, is as old as Aristophanes. And it is certain that the Romans severely laced and shoulder-strapped their girls, and even starved them, if necessary to make them slender and upright. "Juvenose et graciles et sic amantur," Terence says; and Macauley, who had read everything, said that the Roman ladies did till worse things to preserve their forms. Whatever are the reasons for it, it is quite clear from history that corsets and tight-lacing in one form or another have been the windmills of dress reforming Quixotes for 1000 years at least. The wind has sometimes lulled, and they have flattered themselves that they had stopped the sails; but it has always risen again and knocked over the philosophers, "clerical, medical and general," and probably always will; so they may as well save their preaching for something more amenable, or at any rate preach more rationally than they do.

Art Notes.

The first exhibition of Japanese art ever made at Berlin is not open, being the collection of Prof. Gierke, of Breslau.

An equestrian group by Watts has been cast in bronze for Chester, England. It represents Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester.

A year ago Queen Victoria bestowed on the Water-color Society the right to call itself the Royal. This confers the privilege of the Queen's signature to the diploma of membership.

The workshops at Paris in which Bartholdi has been confecting his "Liberty Enlightening the World" are thrown open to visitors on Thursdays and Saturdays. Unless they are of the artistic fraternity, a small entrance fee is asked.

Falguiere has been elected to the Academie des Beax Arts, by a large majority over Crauk, Mercie and Barrias, to take the place Jouffroy, whose pupil he once was. Falguiere was born in 1831, and has several fine works in the Luxembourg.

Baudry's pictures in the opera-house at Paris have been cleansed by a very simple process in use with crayon and pastel painters; they have been cleansed with bread. The *Athenæum* reports that they have sustained much less damage than was supposed.

A very large sum has been realized for the materials of an old house in Paris in addition to a hoard of 300,000f. discovered in the process of demolition. The old beams were eagerly sought by cabinet-makers, the lead of the roof was a mine, works of art were found behind the wainscot, and marble mantels and staircase, doors and window-frames found a market at good figures.

Mr. George du Maurier, of London *Punch*, has acknowledged the dedication of "College Cuts," a publication from the *Columbia Spectator*, and writes: "I can heartily congratulate the artists on their work. The execution and composition seem to me in most cases excellent, and it is delightful to see good point-work from young hands when there is so great a general tendency to use washes and trust to the engraver's interpretation."

Last May the General Assembly of Rhode Island passed a resolution appropriating $10,000 for a statue to Burnside whenever $20,000 shall have been subscribed by private persons or otherwise. Towns and cities were authorized to appropriate a fractional part of 1 per cent. of their tax valuations for 1881. The committee having the statue in charge announce that $13,500 has been subscribed and an effort is now being made to raise this to $20,000 or $25,000 and claim the $10,000 from the State.

The stone cross brought by Charney from Teotihuacan is creating some excitement in Paris. It is about 4 feet high, thick-set, with a relief on one of its faces in the shape of a blunted Greek cross, and on the base four crosses in relief. M. Hamy, Keeper of the Trocadero Museum, holds that it is an emblem of Tlaloc, god of storm and rain, one of the oldest of Mexican gods. The presence of such crosses in Mexico caused the Spaniards to believe that St. Thomas, whom they identified with Quetzalcoatl, had preceded Christianity in Mexico.

Man-Hunting in Siberia.

Sorry, indeed, even when death does not come to put an end to his existence, is the lot of the convict who has succeeded in escaping from the mines of Eastern Siberia. Without resources of any kind, he must beg or rob his way back to Russia. The alternative of seeking employment is one which often has disastrous consequences. The convict of the lowest type regards the Siberian colonist as an inferior, and has a saying which describes him as "blind for three days after birth." But the colonist has his revenge. He works the supercilious convict like a beast of burden, and gives him as little rest and as little food as possible. When wages are demanded the colonist has an original way of satisfying his laborer. The money is paid without demur, but before the convict can get clear, he falls dead, killed by a bullet from the gun of his cruel employer. This method of payment is sometimes carried out on a large scale. It is adopted in the case of vagabond laborers who, having finished their autumn work in the fields, return to the neighboring village to be paid off. The wages are forthcoming, and the laborers allowed to depart with their hardly earned money. But they have no sooner gone than the peasant farmer assembles his neighbors and having provided them with horses and firearms, the whole party sallies forth in pursuit of the vagabonds. The returning laborers are speedily overtaken; most are killed on the spot, all are robbed, the recovered money being divided between the farmer and his confederates.

The only respect shown for authority is the prevalent habit, where robbery has been the motive of slaughter, of concealing the dead. The murdered convicts are usually cut up and mutilated, and the remains buried in out-of-the-way places. This hunting of the "hunchbacks," as the escaped convicts are often called in derision, has gone on for years, entering so deeply into the habits of the people that it has escaped the attention of few travelers through Eastern Siberia. "Where are the men?" was asked of a woman left in charge of a small village adjoining the highway. "Gone after the hunchbacks," was the reply. Such is the prevailing demoralization in this respect that boys have been heard to ask their fathers to kill vagabonds in order that they may see "how the fellow will roll on his hump." In some of the governments it is certain death for a convict escaped, or still under supervision, to be caught returning from the mine. Occasionally the soldiers imitate the colonists in their exploitations of the vagabond. The Cossack, as well as the ordinary colonist, covets cheap labor, and is in the habit of rewarding with an ounce or two of lead the convict who declines to pass from one condition of bond slavery to another.

During the colonization of the Transbaikal region the hunting of vagabonds was one of the common diversions of the newly arrived settlers. From Tomsk to Chiti there is a locality that has rendered itself notorious for the pursuit on a large scale of escaped convicts. In the Tomsk government itself whole villages are described as living solely by the robbery of vagabonds. The river Karasan has been so filled with the bodies of murdered convicts as to become putrid. Near Fingul open woods are known as a favorite ground for the slaughter. The whole of the district is full of the memories and traditions of Siberian man-hunting. Heroes of he sport are still alive. Bitkov, Romanov and Zavorota were each expert in different ways. Romanov, for instance, gained celebrity in the village of Fingul, where he was in the habit of lying in ambush close to the highway, and shooting down every vagabond who passed. In the autumn evenings Bitkov used to pick off stragglers along the banks of the river Augar. During subsequent sport along the Biryus there were individual Siberians who boasted that they had brought down as many as sixty and in some cases ninety vagabonds. Only upon one of these hunters of men do the vagabonds seem to have taken vengeance. They selected one Paramonich, who had been all his life engaged in killing convicts. The vagabonds assembled together, seized him and brought his career to a close by plunging him alive into a cauldron of incandescent metal.

The picture attributed to Carpaccio acquired for $2400 by the Uffizi at Florence, is incomplete, as if it had formed part of a larger scene. The background is filled by a hill. An ecclesiastic in rich robes stands surrounded by soldiers with halberds; a Moor and a negro are near him. A man in a dark robe lined with yellow whispers in his ear. In front of the principal figures and running across the picture is a beam, on which a man sits with his feet in a hole in the ground. He looks backward at the ecclesiastic with a malicious expression. According to the *Academy*, the drawing is excellent and the color very rich and luminous.

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jan. 11, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

GOV. HOYT'S MESSAGE.

His Suggestions to the Legislature.

Harrisburg, January 2.—Gov. Hoyt's message is an elaborate and carefully prepared document. It reviews the State finances as follows:

Four years ago our people had not emerged from the effects of the long and disastrous prostration of business; and their ability to respond to the demands of the treasury to meet expenses was seriously impaired. The financial officers of the State, at the time, found large failures in the sources of revenue confronting them. They wisely counted on the recuperative power of our industries, and effectively tided over the situation without the imposition of any added burthen upon the taxpayers.

At that date the State debt was....	$21,875,620 86
At this date the State debt is....	20,225,083 28
Reduction of debt in four years....	$1,650,537 58
From this total of State debt is to be deducted assets in sinking fund amounting to	2,992,982 82
The net State indebtedness December 1, 1882, is....	$12,232,099 46

In 1879, during the administration of State Treasurer A. C. Noyes, there was refunded an outstanding debt of $2,000,000, bearing six per cent. interest, by a loan of a like amount bearing four per cent. interest, the premiums on which were $30,002.83.

In 1882, during the administration of State Treasurer Samuel Butler, State loans of over $10,000,000, bearing in the main six per cent. interest, were refunded by loans of $9,450,000 bearing interest at three and one-half, and four per cent. per annum. The premium on these loans amounted to $44,562.00.

The result of these operations has been to reduce the annual interest which the State pays upon its interest-bearing debt from $1,233,623 72 in 1878, to $877,460 in in 1882, an annual saving of $359,163.72 on this account.

There is at present, under the administration of State Treasurer S. M. Baily, in the sinking fund, $2,077,073.90 cash. As none of the State loans are at present reimbursable, the Treasurer has no lawful authority to apply this fund to reduction of the debt, except by going into the market and buying the bonds of the State at a premium, handsome, indeed, and creditable to the State, but embarrassing to a financial officer, charged with accountability. These bonds, at market rates, now bear premiums about as follows:

The 3½ per cents. are selling at . . . $106
The four per cents. are selling at . . 117
The five per cents. are selling at....119

Before assuming such responsibility, the Treasurer is fairly justified in awaiting a legislative command.

The skill and integrity which have worked these results, are entitled to the highest approval of the people of the State. To vigilance and efficiency on the part of the State Treasurers, the Auditor Generals and Attorney Generals during these years, are due these hopeful figures, and recognition for high public trusts, honestly fulfilled, will be cheerfully awarded them.

The Governor devotes considerable space to the public schools. After showing that the annual expenditures of all kinds were $8,262,244, and the value of school property $28,346,560, he says: The number of school directors is fifteen thousand; there are nearly twenty-two thousand teachers, and the number of pupils enrolled is nine hundred and fifty thousand. To these extensive agencies, colleges and universities, which are supported by voluntary contributions and private patronage, in which over thousands of young man and women are making preparations for the various callings and professions of our social life.

In regard to the political situation the Governor says: In Pennsylvania the people have determined upon a change. What does this decision mean? To this question three answers are proposed, one cynical and desperate, another pessimistic and hopeless, and a third patriotic and reassuring.

The first expresses the feeling and wishes of the professional politician. To him the change is only a turn in the fortunes of a game, whereby he has lost or won the stakes for which he played—the spoils of place and power. Accustomed to watch his luck and "hedge" as often as he can and dare, he is perplexed by one of two problems only: How to retrieve his losses, or how to spend his winnings. The prevalence of his view is not at all surprising. This class of statesmen despise the people whom they would cajole, and rely for their success even more upon the apathy of the pure and intelligent than upon the activity of the selfish and unscrupulous.

The second view regards the recent overturn as a mere caprice of mobile voters, a public spasm, a sentimental convulsion. It is based, wittingly or unwittingly, upon a latent distrust of the people; it imports a low view of American manhood, and a secret, but ill-disguised, disbelief in our capacity for self-government. If it be, indeed, well grounded, then there is little hope for the perpetuity of our institutions, and for that magnificent industrial and political development which is the staple of our noblest day dreams.

But the third view is more hopeful and patriotic. According to it, this change marks the beginning of a new epoch in our political life. Those who cherish it argue that thousands of our best citizens, relieved of the pressure of national anxieties, and unwilling to live forever in the past, are beginning to study the nature and details of state and municipal government as never before; are awakening to the business and scientific character of political problems, and have determined to thrust aside every individual, and every contrivance that stands between them and the management of their own affairs. They will no longer be content with automatic activity in politics; they demand a conscious share in this noblest pursuit of intelligent men. The people have come to claim their own without the intervention of middlemen.

If this view be correct, then the occupation of the professional politician is gone. He belongs to a doomed species; he has outlived the only environment adapted to his nourishment, and must shortly pass away. That this is true, is indicated by our lineage, our traditions and the character of our present progress. We are the decendants of men who defied kings and parliaments; we are the children of men who destroyed the Congressional Caucus, and created the National Convention. Our citizens are meeting in their granges and trade unions, in their industrial leagues and commercial guilds, and are becoming keenly alive to the every day bearing of politics upon their own and their children's welfare. Even the primary meeting, once treated as utterly beyond the pale of law, the sport of the juggler and the rogue, has become the subject of Legislative enactment and protection. Nay, more, even the promises of party platforms conform to the quickened senses of the people, and the necessity of other and better methods has received a certain grave and reverential recognition in party deliverances.

A MERCILESS FIEND.

Four Persons Murdered—Two Wounded in One Family.

Montreal, Jan. 2.—News has reached here of a terrible tragedy at Little Rideau, East Hawkesbury, four persons being killed and two injured.

It appears that Mr. R. W. Cooke, a well-to-do farmer, resided near the village. He had a large family and a hired man named Fred Mann. Between the hours of seven and eight o'clock this morning this man attacked Mr. Cooke with an axe in his barnyard, and, after a desperate encounter, killed him and buried his body under the straw and manure in the yard. He then attacked Mrs. Cooke and a daughter in the woodshed and throttled both of them to death. Not satisfied with this carnival of murder the fiend then entered the house and attacking George Cooke, the fourth son, by staving in his skull he killed him in bed with the same axe used in killing the father.

Mann then turned his attention to the young man's brother William, whom he struck down with the axe and left for dead, with a broken thigh and other injuries. By this time other members of the family hurried to the relief of William, whose shrieks had aroused them. Miss Fannie Cooke flew at the murderer of her parents, brother and sister only to receive a severe wound in her own breast. She is expected to recover, but it is difficult to say whether William will or not.

The man then escaped and at last accounts had not been captured.

NINETEEN LIVES LOST.

Raleigh, N. C., January 2.—As thirty convicts, mostly negroes, and two white guards, engaged at the Cowee tunnel, on the Western North Carolina railroad, were crossing the Tuckaseegee river on Sunday, a convict discovered that the flat boat was leaking and gave the alarm which created a panic. The men all rushed to one end of the flat boat, bearing it down and it immediately filled and sank. The river was swift and deep with rapids just below. The men clung together in knots, those who could not swim clinging to those who could. Some were carried into the rapids and drowned—twelve convicts were saved. One of the guards was washed ashore insensible, but was resuscitated.

Twelve of the thirty convicts and one of the guards managed to swim to shore, although they were thoroughly benumbed with cold. Eighteen of the convicts were drowned by clasping each other literally like knots of serpents, and were thus swept down the lower rapids, below which they were found by twos and threes, tightly clasped together in their death lock. The other guard was taken from the water unconscious, and for hours his life was despaired of. The scene was a terrible one, and was witnessed by a great number of persons, the most of whom were unable to be of assistance. The cries of the drowning men, the gasping of able swimmers, made helpless by the frenzy of their comrades, is never to be forgotten.

RISE IN THE RHINE.

The Banks of the River Covered for Miles.

Mayence, January 3.—The Rhine has reached the height of 5.76 meters. With great efforts a tramway has been laid to bring earth for the construction of a dam.

Robstadt, January 2.—This town, with the exception of the church and house of the clergy, is deeply submerged. The water in some houses nearly reached the roofs. In Friesenheim, on the Rhine, the scene beggars description.

Berlin, January 3.—Seventy houses have fallen at Bedenheim in consequence of the flood. At Rexheim, Mousrh and Oppan, eighty houses have fallen in each place from the same cause.

At Vienna the danger is serious, and preparations are being made to sound alarm bells directly. The dykes show signs of yielding.

Frankfort, January 3.—A boat conveying passengers yesterday from Oppan to Ludwigshafen was dashed against a tree. Thirty-five persons were drowned.

STARTLING DEATH-BED CONFESSION OF A WOMAN IN OHIO.

Mount Vernon, Ohio, January 1—Mrs. Stillwell, wife of Jay V. Stillwell, employed on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, has made a confession on her death-bed of three murders. She is at the house of relatives in Knox Co. The first was Benjamin Swigart, her first husband, who she says she killed in Marysville, Mo., in March, 1877, with the aid of her mother and brother. The second was a stranger who the same parties killed for his money while stopping at a boarding house. The third was her own daughter, aged fourteen years, who she strangled in the presence of her mother, at Rulo, Nebraska, in May, 1880. She also confessed that she attempted to kill her husband three times to obtain his life insurance. These confessions were first made to her husband, and since to others. She is dying of consumption.

Mrs. Margaret Breakmaker, Mechanicsburg, Pa., says: Brown's Iron Bitters thoroughly cured me of general debility.

Printing in China.

The Invention of the Art a Thousand Years Ago.

In an interesting article on printing in China, the North China *Herald* says that the first great promoter of the art of printing was Feng Ying Wang, who in 932 A. D., advised the emperor to have the Confucian classics printed with wooden blocks engraved for the purpose. The first books were printed in a regular manner, and in pursuance of a decree in 953. The mariner's compass and rockets were invented about the same time, showing that at this period men's minds were much stirred toward invention. Twenty years after the edict the blocks of the classics were pronounced ready, and were put on sale. Large-sized editions, which were the only ones printed at first, were soon succeeded by pocket editions. The works printed under the Lung emperors at Hangchow were celebrated for their beauty; those of western China came next, and those of Fokhein last. Movable types of copper and lead were tried about the same time, but it was thought that mistakes were more numerous with them, and therefore the fixed blocks were prepared. Paper made from cotton was tried, but it was found so expensive that the bamboo-made paper held its ground. In the Sung dynasty the method was also tried of engraving on soft clay and afterward hardening it by baking. The separate characters were not thicker than ordinary copper coins. Each of them was in fact a seal. An iron plate was prepared with a facing of turpentine, wax, and the ashes of burnt paper. Over this was placed an iron frame, in which the clay types were set up until it was full. The whole was then sufficiently heated to melt the wax facing. An iron plate was placed above the types, making them perfectly level, the wax being just soft enough to allow to sink into it to the proper depth. This being done it would be possible to print several hundred or thousand copies with great rapidity. Two forms prepared in this way were ready for the pressman's use, so that when he had done with one he would proceed with another without delay. Here is undoubtedly the principle of the printing press of Europe, although western printers can dispense with a soft wax bed for types and can obtain a level surface without this device. Perhaps the need of capital to lay in a stock of types, the want of a good type-metal easily cut and sufficiently hard, and the superior beauty of the Chinese characters when carved in wood have prevented the wide employment of the movable types which are so convenient for all alphabetic writing. The inventor of this mode of printing in movable types five centuries before they were invented in Europe was named Pi Sheng.—*Nature.*

BREVITY.

Has alcohol had hold of you?
Has opium cursed your lot?
I'll tell you what is brief and true—
Your life is not a blot!
Peruna, taken with a will,
Can bring you sure relief;
You may be blest and happy still,
And stay your family's grief!

Personal—

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic or suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you a fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Try Hop Bitters to-day. (10)

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THE WORLD takes this occasion to publicly thank all the kind friends who so promptly furnished it with names and information recently, and begs them to consider themselves Club Agents for the WORLD, and to remember that the Premium offers and handsome Cash Commissions apply to them as well as to other agents.

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I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

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Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

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The Home,

giving receipts for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions the Home department of the "Weekly Herald" will save the house-wife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.
CENTRE HALL, PA. Jan. 11, 1883.
The Largest Paper in Centre County.

For the Family Scrap Book.

A handful of flour bound on a cut will immediately stop the bleeding.

Let clothes that fade soak over night in one ounce of lead in a pail of water.

All stains should be removed from white goods before they are wet or put into the wash.

To temper a glass jar so that it can be at once filled with anything hot, put into it a silver spoon.

An excellent furniture polish is of equal parts of shellac varnish, linseed oil and spirits of wine.

After washing cut-glass articles let them dry thoroughly and then rub with prepared chalk and a soft brush.

To prevent discoloration from bruises apply a cloth rung out in very hot water, and renew frequently until the pain ceases.

To remove ink-stains from linen, put the stained part in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow, and the ink will disappear.

Do not put glass articles that have held milk into hot water, as this causes the milk to penetrate the glass, and it can never be removed.

The best and easiest way to clean white paint is to use enough spirits of ammonia to soften the water, and ordinary hard soap, and rub well.

A little powdered resin sprinkled on to a cut will prevent inflammation; put a soft cloth around the finger and wet it with water frequently.

To clean copper tea-kettles, use turpentine and fine brick-dust, and rub hard with a flannel, and polish with a leather and dry brick-dust.

To clean hair-brushes, use ammonia and hot water; after washing well, shake the water out and dry on a coarse towel, and they will look as good as new.

One tablespoonful of bromo-chloralum to eight of soft water makes an excellent deodorizer, and will purify the sick room of any offensive smells.

Silver should never be washed with soap if you wish it to retain its original luster. When it requires polishing use a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard.

An excellent polish for zinc or tin is made of three pints of water, one ounce of nitric acid, two ounces of emery, and eight ounces pumice-stone shaken well together.

To new a rusty and discolored chandelier, apply a mixture of bronze powder and copal varnish. The druggist where they are purchased will tell you in what proportion they should be mixed.

To remove claret stains, spread a little salt over the stain while fresh; if the stain is an old one, wet it and rub on the spot pulverized chalk and salt, and lay it in the sun. Repeat this process, keeping it damp, until it is all out.

To destroy bed-bugs, moths and other vermin, make a strong solution of alum and hot water, and apply with a paint brush to the furniture or cracks in the wall; or if moths have lodged in the borders of carpets, wet the edges thoroughly.

To wash a carpet, spread it where you can use a brush, and scrub as you would a floor. Scrape one peck of Irish potatoes into two pails of water and let them stand over night; when ready to use add more water and two ounces of beef gall. When dry brush hard with a broom.

To clean marble, dissolve in water to which has been added one teaspoonful of washing soda, a large lump of Spanish whiting, making a paste; apply to the marble with a flannel cloth, rubbing well, and leave it on for some time and, if necessary, repeat the process. Wash off thoroughly with soap and water, then dry and polish with a soft duster.

To clean black silk in a simple way, brush the silk thoroughly and wipe with a cloth. Then stretch flat on a table and sponge with hot coffee that has been strained through muslin, on the side intended to show; when it is partially dry, iron on the wrong side. This will restore the brilliancy of the silk and give it a thickened appearance.

PERUNA.

This medicine was introduced to the medical profession and to the public at large by S. B. Hartman, M. D., in 1877 after he had prescribed it to over 40,000 patients in almost every disease to which flesh is heir.

It is wholly composed of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most potent of all the herbal remedies known to medical science.

But its great virtue is mainly attributable to the new and peculiar proportions in which the harmonious ingredients are combined, and to the extreme care exercised in its manufacture, using only the pure, active principles, and excluding all that is crude or irritating. No one should be without Peruna.

At Reading, Pa., a cannon loaded with powder and stones was discharged at a church while watch meeting services were being held inside.

A shock of earthquake was felt at Rockland, Me., and vicinity on Sunday night, 31 ult

F. Townsel, Wrightsville, Pa., says: I am sure Brown's Iron Bitters cures in every case where directions are followed.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential.

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Porous
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They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

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CARRIAGES,
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All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

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Cheaper Rates Than Elsewhere.

Write or call on Clevan Dinges for terms and Designs.

I have accepted the agency with the view of introducing the work turned out by the Lewistown Marble & Granite Works.

Confident that I can furnish first class work at greatly reduced prices from what has usually been paid; all work warranted and erected on the graves.

CLEVAN DINGES,
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1883. THE SUN. 1883.

More people read THE SUN during the year just now passed than ever before since it was first printed. No other newspaper published on this side of the earth has been bought and read by so many men and women.

We are credibly informed that people buy, read, and like THE SUN for the following reasons, among others:

Because its news columns present in attractive forms and with the greatest possible accuracy whatever has interest for humankind; the events, the deeds and missiceeds, the wisdom, the philosophy, the notable folly, the solid sense, the improving nonsense—all the news of the busiest world at present revolving in space.

Because people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs THE SUN makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best of its ability three hundred and sixty five days in the year, before election as well as after, about the whales as well as about the small fish, in the face of dissent as plainly and fearlessly as when supported by general approval. THE SUN has absolutely no purpose to serve, save the information of its readers and the furtherance of the common good,

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that the THE SUN is inuifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man is so rich that he can allow injustice to be done him. No man, no association or men, is powerful enough to be exempt from the strict application of its principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight has resulted in the recent overwhelming popular verdict against Robeson ism and for honest government No matter what party is in power THE SUN stands and will continue to stand like a rock for the interests of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachments of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of public robbers.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends One man holds that it is the best religious newspaper ever published, because its Christianity is undiluted with cant. Another holds that it is the best Republican newspaper printed because it has already whipped half of the rascals out of that party, and is proceeding against the other half with undiminished vigor A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence, because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. No every friend of THE SUN discovers one of its many ideas that appeals with particular force to his individual liking.

If you already know THE SUN, you will observe that in 1883 it is a little better than heretofore. If you do not already know THE SUN, you will find it to be a mirror of all human activity, a storehouse of the choicest products of common sense and imagination, a mainstay for the cause of honest government, a sentinel for genuine Jeffersonian Democracy, a scourge for wickedness of every species, and an uncommonly good investment for the coming year.

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We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
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In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
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A full asortment of Fire Brick and Grates on handd.

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At the PENNS VALLEY BARGAIN STORE, there is now an Unusually large line of Winter Goods, Shawls, a large and magnificent assortment. Cloths, Flannels, Ladies Coats, all styles. Clothing for men and boys. Overcoats all sizes and prices. Gumboots, Winter Hats and Caps.

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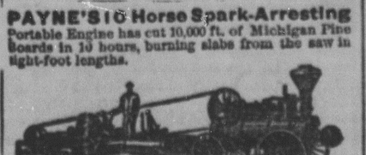

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For GEN. DODGE'S bran' new book, entitled

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This new work was at once subscribed for by *President* ARTHUR *and entire Cabinet.* and by *Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock,* and *thousands* of Eminent Men. GEN. GRANT says:—"*It is the best book on Indian Life ever written.*" BISHOP WILEY (Methodist) says:—"*It is a book of immense value.*" It is the *only* authentic account of our Indians ever published, *fully* revealing their "inner life," secret doings, exploits, etc. It is replete with thrilling experiences of the Author, and of famous Scouts, Trappers, Cow-boys, Miners, Border Ruffians, etc., vividly portraying Life in the Great West as it now is. 424 *thousand* to print. With Steel Engravings and Superb Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 18 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government *expressly for this great work.*

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Artists and Tailors.

Your stories of Hunt remind me of another, hardly less amusing, and, like yours, illustrating his sense of the dignity of his art, and his peculiarly undignified way of showing it.

During the last winter of his life, he one day called upon an artist to look upon a portrait which had been returned with some expression of dissatisfaction from the subject and owner, and to give his friend, the artist, the benefit of his judgment in the matter of changing and so improving the picture that it should "pass muster" as a creditable work of art, even if it did not quite suit the taste of the patron.

The chief defect complained of was the complexion which was thought to be sallow; and it was true that in the process of giving the flesh a warm glow the artist had given an impression of local yellow in the flesh tints—so strongly marked that the complexion was yellow. When Mr. Hunt entered the studio, he looked at the portrait as it stood upon the easel, and said: "They think it is too yellow, do they? They always think it is too something except good. Your yellows are all right with your reds and the general tone of the picture and that is well enough. Look at that bit of sky in your landscape (pointing to another picture.) Isn't that good for sky to your trees and foreground? But it isn't much like that," looking up at the light which poured through the window, "and who said it was? The fact is, people don't know anything about art, and the more they know about other things the less they know about that. But they 'know what they like,' and they don't mean to pay till they get it.

"They rank portrait painters with tailors—no fit, no pay. We ought to make a stand against the unreasonable demands of the public, and let the patron share our risk. Of course, we all do the best we can, and we should be paid for our work just as we pay our doctors and lawyers; whether they bring us through or not.

"I would have an order for a portrait mean the best thing that I can do with a reasonable effort, and that should fulfill my obligation and entitle me to be paid. Of course I like to have people satisfied when I am, but I am the one to be pleased. I know something about my work and they don't, and when I am willing to let a picture go, that ought to stand for something, whether they are satisfied or not. But then there is another way. You know we should all paint better portraits if we didn't care a d—n for our sitters. Suppose now when a patron calls to order a portrait I should say, 'I will not take your commission in the usual form, but I will hire you to sit and pay you $1 an hour, and if you like the picture when I call it done, you can have it for a stated price, and if you don't like it you needn't take it—and there will be no favor either way.

"With a sitter on such terms I think I could turn out something pretty good. I know I should have a good time. I'd manipulate him just as the barber does his victim, and if he dared to open his head about art or anything improving, I'd stop his yop with a paint brush.

"I'd just have my way till I got through, and then he could have his—take it or leave it."

Density of the World's Population.

In the seventh volume of "Die Bevolkerung der Erde," published by J. Perthes, we find that the earth, on a space of 136 038,872 square kilometres, counts 1,433,887,500 inhabitants, making on an average 10.5 inhabitants to every square kilometre. Europe is the most thickly populated portion, with 34 inhabitants for every square kilometre, then Asia with 18, Africa with 7, America with 6, and Australia and Polynesia with 0.5. Of European States, Belgium comes first with 188 inhabitants per square kilometre. the Netherlands with 123, Great Britain with 112, the Azores with 106, Italy with 99, San Marino with 91, Germany with 84, Luxembourg with 81, France with 71, Switzerland with 69, Austria with 61, Liechtenstein and Denmark with 51, Portugal with 46, Roumania with 41, Servia with 35, Spain with 38, Bulgaria and Greece with 31, Montenegro and Turkey with 26, Bosnia and Herzegovina with 22, Russia with 16, Sweden with 10, Norway with 6 and Finland with 5. Of States out of Europe we take Japan with 95 inhabitants per square kilometre, India with 67, China (exclusive of neighboring lands), 87, Annam, 48. The United States has only 5.4 and Chili, the most thickly populated of South American States, only 4.5. Excepting the Polar regions, the most thinly populated countries are Canada with 0.5, the Sahara with 0.4 and Siberia with 0.3 inhabitants per every square kilometre.

A pair of chalices with patens, in the possession of Brazenose College, Oxford, have been found to have a hallmark of 1502. Only six old chalices are known of in England, and these two now prove to be the earliest.

BACK SEATS.

Take a back seat, thou man who toils for bread;
Although thy limbs, like steel, be tough and strong,
And honest thoughts may fill thy shapely head,
But you lack gold to sway the public throngs.

Take a back seat, hard-working woman thou,
The aisle tread softly to uncushioned seat
In church where rustling silk and powdered brow
Have precedence o'er those whom you may greet.

Take a back seat, thou man of courage high;
The flashing sabre in thy hand to lead
The surging host, when war's loud din was nigh,
Sweet peace withholds—'tis money that you need.

Take a back seat, brave woman who hath stood
At sick man's couch when scorching fever flame
Subdued coherent thought—thy faithful blood
Course on and thrills at DUTY'S sacred name

Take a back seat, young man, who guides plow;
You work for bread in summer heat and; sun;
Thine hands all hard, and sweat-drops on thy brow
Are plebeian brands for lucre's lords to shun.

Take a back seat, young maid, with weary hands—
The wash-tub and the kitchen be thy goal;
Imperial custom thy fixed fate commands,
And smites the inspiration of thy soul.

Take back seats, all ye men, who move the world
By labor in the work-shop or the field;
A gilded goddess trails your banner furled,
Nor waves a fold o'er labor's hidden shield.

To golden sceptres bow the sons of men
In stately hall and in the churchly fold;
But prayer and echoing song are futile when
The path to heaven is sought through glim of gold.

Cavanaugh's Trust.

Very few people know the inside history of Bristow's fight with the express companies when he was Secretary of the Treasury. The express companies made what Mr. Bristow thought exorbitant charges for carrying currency to the great distributing point, the New York Sub Treasury. He told the companies that a lower rate must be conceded or he would take the business away from the companies. They were defiant at that time. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were being shipped daily and the express companies offered the only secure way for the carrying of these great sums, and so they charged accordingly, being certain, as matters then stood, that the Secretary could not get along without them. Suddenly the express people were notified that Mr. Bristow had made arrangements for conveying this currency and that they could not save the business unless they came to his terms, For several weeks currency was transmitted to New York in the most mysterious way. Only Mr. Bristow, his confidant in the Treasury, and the Sub-Treasurer in New York, knew the way the work was done. The express companies held aloof upon the belief that Bristow would not dare to continue to assume the personal responsibility for the safety of the carrying of these great sums, but as the work went on undisturbed for several weeks without loss or public scandal, the companies finally gave in and were glad to make new contracts for what Bristow was able to pay them.

This is the way the express companies were circumvented. The Secretary selected a trusty special agent of the Treasury, who simply put the currency in a valise and went over to, New York as an ordinary passenger on the night train. Thomas Cavanaugh the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms under gallant Colonel Hooker in the House, was the special agent selected for this work. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, manly looking specimen of humanity. His square, resolute, sun-browned face is accentuated by a crisp, curling mustache completely hiding his mouth. His straight nose, clear blue eyes, and square jaws stand out in a face remarkable for its combination of good nature and iron resolution. Cavanaugh used to set out from the office of the Secretary of the Treasury after night with a valise simply stuffed with Government currency. One night he had in his bag $750,000 in greenbacks. Every dollar ever intrusted to him was safely carried. Not a penny ever was lost. His pay from the Treasury was his regular one, eight dollars a day and his traveling expenses. He gave no bonds for this work, as the law recognized no such way of carrying the funds. The Secretary had absolutely no protection beyond Cavanaugh's individual honor. If he had run away with an odd half million at any time he could not have been prosecuted for more than a breach of trust. In the carrying of this money Cavanaugh carried more than his life in his hands.

If it were even suspected that he was carrying such sums over in a section of a New York sleeper as an ordinary passenger he would certainly have been attacked. If he had been robbed, nothing but his death in defending his trust could have saved him from the scandal of being classed by many as a guilty participant in the robbery. Toward the last Cavanaugh became very nervous. He used to start out with his money in one hand and a revolver in another hidden in the pocket of his great coat. A close coupe took him down the avenue. In the sleeping-car toward the last he slept but little. Some one was always reaching across his gashed throat for the money placed in his trust. It was a great relief when this dreadful responsibility came to an end, and he was able to go back to his ordidary duties. To-day Cavanaugh is again carrying Government money. He is the official who takes from the Treasury the money needed in the business office of the Sergeant-at-Arms's office, where the members are paid. Bank cashiers and men of high trust could find much to learn in the rugged, unassuming integrity of Thomas Cavanaugh.

A Story About "Home, Sweet Home."

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as the celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions west of the Mississippi River, Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of the prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country. While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut, the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militiamen sprang into the room. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier As the little party left the novel, rain began falling, and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. About midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming: "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," when Payne remarked:

"Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?"

"No," said the soldier. "Do you?"

"Yes," answered Payne. "I composed it."

"The devil you did. You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here. You made that song, you say. If you did—and I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off, and if you can't I'll bounce you from your horse and lade you instead of it."

The threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with the tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. And when the party reached Milledgeville they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne insisted it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross's conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship existing between Ross and Payne endured until the grave closed over the mortal remains of the latter.

A Railway Story.

It was in the smoking car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling of how many duels he had fought, and behind him sat a small man reading a magazine.

"Sir?" said the big man as he wheeled around, "what would you do if challenged?"

"Refuse," was the quiet reply.

"Ah, I thought as much. Refuse and be branded as a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a horsewhipping—what then?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah—I thought so—thought so from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had foully slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you; what would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, and reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you, and give it a three-quarter twist—just so!"

When the little man let go of the big man's nose, the man with the white hat on began to crouch down to get away from bullets, but there was no shooting. The big man turned red—then pale—then looked the little man over and remarked:

"Certainly—of course—that's it exactly!"

And then conversation turned on the general prosperity of the country.

Magnetic Dreams.

One of the fundamental doctrines of Schopenhauer's philosophy is that the world as we know it has not an independent existence. Like Berkley, he held that it is merely an "appearance." The only real existence, he maintained, is "the thing in itself;" and the "thing in itself" he identified with the will. In ordinary circumstances we know the will only as it manifests itself under the forms of space, time and casuality; but he contended that there are states of the brain in which we penetrate behind these forms, and come into contact with the will as it is in its own nature. At such times we escape from the system of intellectual illusions, which it is the business of science to investigate; we are in the realm of absolute truth, which constitutes the proper domain of philosophy. Even members of the Society for Psychical Research are not likely to take up higher ground than this; and they will certainly not surpass Schopenhaur in the confidence with which he drew conclusions from his ultimate principles. The states of the brain which lead to such surprising results occur when we are in "a magnetic sleep," and a magnetic sleep may be produced when we are asleep in the ordinary way.

It does not follow that if we fall into a magnetic sleep we shall have magnetic dreams; and, if we do dream magnetically, it does not follow that we shall remember what we have dreamt. A magnetic sleep is far deeper than ordinary sleep, and in the slow process of awaking from it we may forget the spectacle which it has enabled us to see. Sometimes, however, the impression which the vision has produced on our feeling remains; and on these occasions, if the vision has been one of common disaster (as it commonly is in the worst of possible worlds, according to Schopenhauer,) we have what is called a presentiment of evil, and our presentiment is sure to be realized sooner or later.

At other times our magnetic dream—that is, our perception of realities—may be transformed into a sort of allegory which is capable of different interpretations. Of this kind were the predictions of the Delphic oracle, which frequently could not be understood until they were fulfilled. Schopenhauer was not of the opinion, however, that our mysterious visions in their original form invariable pass from the memory; and he gives an example of one which he himself had an opportunity of studying. This instance seemed to him all the more remarkable because it related to a matter of little importance.

One day he was writing a letter in great haste, and when he had finished the third page he intended to strew writing-sand over what he had written. In his hurry he seized the inkstand instead of the vessel containing sand, and dashed the contents over his letter. As the ink poured from his desk he rang for the maid to wipe it from the floor. When she was engaged in doing so, she said: "Last night I dreamt that I should be wiping ink-spots from the floor here." "That is not true," answered Schopenhauer. "It is true," she replied, "and when I awoke I mentioned it to the other maid who sleeps with me." Just then the other maid happened to enter the room in order to call away her fellow-servant. Schopenhauer, advancing to meet her, at once asked: "What did this girl dream last night?" "I don't know." "Yes, you do; she told you when she awoke." "Oh, to be sure," the maid then said, "she dreamt that she would be wiping ink-spots from the floor here." Schopenhauer gravely points out that this anecdote is not only sufficient evidence for magnetic dreaming, but that it establishes the truth of the doctrine that everything happens in accordance with a fixed and necessary order.

Strategy.

The agent of a minstrel show, who was traveling over the Pan-Handle Route the other day, happened to take a seat opposite a Boston drummer. Each wore a pin with six diamonds in it, and displayed two watch chains. The coincidence happened to strike a solid, old-fashioned farmer as rather curious, and, hitching along up to the pair, he asked: "Gentlemen, will you give me honest answers to a question or two?" They said they would, and he continued: "What time is it by your four watches?" The agent replied that he only had one watch, and that did not tick, while the other confessed that he had none at all. "One more question: Did you buy your diamond pins at the dollar store?" The two men looked at each other in a troubled way, and then informed the blunt questioner that he had reached the limit. "Oh, well, I didn't intend to be sassy," he remarked, as he fell back; "I'm sparking a widder up in Wood county, and I was thinking that if I could buckle on a dollar diamond and harness on two watch chains around me she'd either kick or cave inside of a week."

The Massacre of the Mamelukes.

This Citadel, Cairo, was, in 1811 the scene of the massacre of the last of the Mamelukes by Mohammed Ali, a deed of base treachery, but of consummate and successful policy; a coup d'etat, in fact. The Mamelukes had risen from the position of slaves to that of Sultans. The Circassian dynasty produced a race of military princes who waged war with the Ottoman Sultans. The last but one, Sultan Ghoree, was slain in battle in Syria, and his successor, Tomai Bey, was routed on the plain between Cairo and Heliopolis. He was taken captive and hanged, and his head stuck on the malefactors' gateway, Bab Zooayleh. Though the supreme power had thus passed away from them, the Mameluke aristocracy still maintained their ancient valor, till their brilliant cavalry was routed by Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids, and but a small remnant left. These Mameluke nobles had helped Mohammed Ali to the Pashalik, but it is supposed that they had changed their minds, and were plotting to destroy him. At all events, having used them as the ladder of his ambition, he found it expedient to get rid of them. He therefore invited them all to be present within the Citadel, when a Pasha was to be invested with some military command.

Four hundred and seventy of these magnificent beings accordingly rode up in great state, but when they turned to depart they found the gates closed, and from every corner a murderous fire of musketry rained upon them. From this horrible carnage one alone escaped, namely Amyn Bey, who forced his horse to leap the rampart, a fall of forty feet. Happily he lighted on a heap of rubbish, and though the horse was killed the man escaped, and, giving himself into the care of the Arabs, found protection during the ensuing days when the houses of the Mamelukes were plundered, and all their relations, numbering about 1000, were murdered, and the gate of Bab Zooayleh literally covered with those ghastly trophies, the heads of the slain. It is said that from this final massacre one other man escaped, Suleiman Aga by name, who disguised himself in the long blue robe of an Arab woman, and, thus veiled, escaped his foes. This man had been the Pasha's prime favorite and the story goes that, without showing any special disgust at his friend's treachery, he returned to his post of favorite, and even repeated the little joke of dressing up as an Arab damsel, who, appearing before his Highness as a suppliant, pleaded her own cause with volubility, and carried her case, whereupon, removing her veil, she displayed the features of Suleiman, who is affirmed by English eye witnesses to have continued for many years the cordial friend of the Pasha and other great folks in Cairo.—*Gordon Cumming, in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Strange Story.

Josiah Gilbert tells this strange story in the *London Spectator:* A son of a family named Watkinson residing at Lanenham, Suffolk, had gone to America. One summer Sunday afternoon they were attending service, and occupying a large square pew near the pulpit. It was hot, and the door of the small building was wide open, and one of the party who sat looking down the aisle could see into the meeting-house yard, which was shaded by tall trees. Suddenly, to his intense surprise, he saw the absent brother approaching through the trees, enter at the chapel door, walk up the aisle, come to the very door of the pew itself, and lay his hand upon it, as if to take his seat among them. At this moment others of the family sitting so that he was only then within their sight, saw him also, but at that moment he vanished.

This strange occurrence naturally raised sad forebodings, but in course of time a letter arrived from the subject of them of later date than that of the vision, and it appeared that he was still alive and well. He was then written to and asked if anything peculiar had happened to him on that particular Sunday. He replied that it was odd he should remember anything about a Sunday so long passed, but that certainly something peculiar had happened to him that day. He had come in, overpowered with heat, and had thrown himself on his bed, and had fallen into a sound sleep, and had a strange dream. He found himself in front of the country chapel; services were going on; he saw them all, the door being open, sitting in their pew, he walked up the aisle, he put his hand on the pew door to open it when, suddenly, and to his chagrin he awoke.

It would be interesting to know whether such a story is known to any one else. If authentic the question arises—can sleep release the soul like death?

Scientific Notes.

Canterbury Cathedral is soon to be lighted wi electricity.

A diamond weighing four and a half carats and enveloped in its native rock has been given to the Paris Museum of Natural History by the Director of the Compaigne du Cap.

In New Zealand. Mr. A. T. Urquhart states, earthworms not only leave their burrows but climb up trees in search of food in the night or at a late hour if the morning is damp and warm.

By the end of spring it is thought that the whole of the new pipe line from the Bradford, Penn., oil regions will be finished. Already five or six miles have been completed. It will strike the Delaware at Philadelphia.

Japan is keeping fully abreast of Western nations in the introduction of new inventions. One of the latest signs of this is the extensive use of the electric light in several of the Government establishments at Yokohama.

Four German expeditions are now prosecuting their researches in Africa, two from the east and two from the west side of that continent. Very interesting and accurate reports of the several journeys are looked for after the explorers have revised their journals.

Dogs, under favorable conditions, live to an age much beyond that which is assigned to them. Mr. R. Cordiner, of Oxford, England, knows a black retriever aged 31, and there is no doubt that others are acquainted with like aged individuals of the canine species.

France, says H. Herve Mangon, produces milk which, if collected, would make a stream 3 feet 4 inches wide and 1 foot 1 inch deep, flowing night and day all the year round. Man, young animals, and the butter and cheese factories utilize this immense product of the farm.

Papers read last month before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, go to show that the several electrical systems of Jablochkoff, Jamin, and Debrun are now much on a level from an economical point of view. The data from which the results were obtained had been collected during the late exhibition of electricity in the French capital.

Altogether from the reports received, the late transit of Venus was observed under what may be called very fair atmospheric conditions, and it is needless to say that the men employed to note the facts which the phenomenon presented did their task well. A good long time must elapse, however, before the actual results can be ascertained.

Among the discoveries made during the botanical tour of Mr. John G. Lemmon in the mountain ranges along the Mexican frontier of Arizona were two or three varieties of indigenous potatoes. They were found in abundance in very elevated meadows, walled round by peaks, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. In size they did not exceed that of walnuts.

Death from cold may be simulated for a longer time than is usually supposed in the case of the higher animals. Rabbits were shaved by MM. Richet and Rondeau, and inclosed in flexible tubes through which there was a flow of salt water, cooled to 7° C. until breathing and the action of the heart ceased. After suffering these mammals to remain in that condition for half an hour vital functions were restored.

China, instead of seeking for outside means of educating her youth in what is valuable in Western systems, has begun to establish curriculums at home similar to those observed abroad. In the Pun-yen district of Canton a modern school, as it may be called, has been successfully established by the native population under Government auspices. Other institutions of a similar type are likely soon to be established.

M Hartig estimates the specific volume of green-wood constituents as follows: Hard green-wood, fibre stuff, 441; water, 247, and air, 312. Soft green-wood, fibre stuff, 270; water, 335, and air, 395. A certain amount of water, varying from 7 to 8 per cent. in all, is included in the fibre stuff, showing that about one-third only of the mass of the timber is really solid woody fibre and that the remainder is filled either with water or air contained in the cells.

He Preferred Poker.

"No, I never invest in stocks," answered the fat man, as he blew his nose with a loud report and leaned back in his seat. "Perhaps you prefer dealing in grain?" "No, sir; when I feel like speculating I go to a regular poker-room, conducted in a first-class manner, and lay down my money. It is far more satisfactory to me." "How?" "Why, I know just how long it will take me to lose $500 and get back to the office, and I don't have to waste time, put up margins, run to the broker's or lose any sleep."

If a tree were to break a window what would the window say? Tremend-us.

THE WHEEL.

See the wheeler with his wheel,
Silent wheel.
How many murderous thoughts pass through
our mind as past he steals;
As he glides along the pave
With the silence of the grave,
And the crystallinic glittering of nickel
plated steel
Bursts upon the enraptured sight,
As it flashes dazzling bright,
Till the gamins with delight
(Which the ordinary mortal and pedestrian
cannot feel),
Yell out; "See the blooming hijit on his
altitood'nous wheel,"
On his lofty and exalted and velocipedic
wheel,
On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
wheel, wheel,
On his lofty and velocipedic wheel,

Hear the tinkling of his bell,
Little bell,
As it warns the folks to give him room before
he gives them Tophet,
And he dings it all the while,
With a feeble, vacant smile,
As he works his number twelve in a rhythmic kind of style,
And the people, ah! they think,
As they hear that tinkle tink:
"Here comes old Darwin's lost one! here
comes the missing link,"
And they positively feel
Like smashing up his wheel,
And implanting on his pantaloons some
wounds that wouldn't heal;
That would cause him to stand upright as
he takes his midday meal,
And would give him heaps of trouble as he
sat upon his wheel,
On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
wheel, wheel.
On his nickel-plated, highly-polished wheel.

A Gambler's Wife.

"What new beauty have we here, Carl?" I asked, taking a small colored picture from among the mass of papers, pamphlets, wrapping paper, etc., that covered the table and floor of the library and which would have told plainly enough to all acquaintances that Carl was at home once more, after this, his longest ramble in foreign lands, without the corroborating testimony of cigar smoke, or the lounging figure in the rocking-chair.

For this brother of mine never spent over six months of the year in the beautiful country home of his childhood, giving the other six to whatever place or people promised most entertainment on short notice. The last three months had been spent in Paris, so I conjectured the little gem of art I held in my hand was a French beauty; the pure outlines and exquisite complexion looking most lifelike as they smiled up at me from the tinted card. But notwithstanding the great beauty of contour and feature there was a frightened, almost hunted look in the dark eyes that told of tragedy, or at least anticipated it.

"Who is she, Carl? The eyes affect me strangely, with their wild frightened look. There is a reign of terror in them equal to the one her ancestors passed through. I almost see the shadow of the guillotine in their velvety depths."

"Let me see; ah, my little sister, may you never know so hard a fate as this poor girl encountered and succombed to. No, she is not French—a Russian—but married to a Frenchman." And Carl took the picture from my hand and placed it on a small easel above his desk. "I will tell you about her, Louie, if you have an hour, and I will you why I told you.

"It was while Tom Barnes was with me last June, and when we left Versailles for Paris, that I first saw Madame Literre—though I think the name an assumed one. We had to run to prevent being left, I remember, and Barnes, out of humor because of it, plunged his face into his book and left me to my own resources.

"As soon as I was comfortably settled I, as usual, began scrutinizing my traveling companions, and to try to imagine who and what they were There were four besides ourselves in the carriage. One a quiet, middle-aged Englishman, who was soon asleep in his corner. The two who sat next myself were evidently man and wife, though he paid her none of the attention and politeness usually accorded in public, even if dispensed with privately.

"He was a pale, quiet man of twenty-five perhaps, richly but quietly dressed, and seemingly taking no notice of any one around him. The wife, too, was pale, and much as she looks in that little picture. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and evidently the production of some first-rate artist. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the higher order of society.

"She seemed to be suffering and frequently put her hand to her forehead; and I observed upon the delicately-formed, ungloved hand a costly diamond. It was a beauty; and I enjoyed looking at the flashing gems as she caressed a small English dog that often looked up at her with affectionate recognition.

"The other passenger I could not make out at all. He was elderly, commonly dressed, and with scant gray hair and heavy whiskers. His piercing eyes were frequently placed on the silent young married couple. And then he seemed as utterly oblivious of them as they of him. What was his nationality? Was he with them or a stranger like myself? I could not tell. And the more I looked the more uncertain I became. I thought, too, there seemed an effort at disguise. He kept his face averted all he could, consistent with his watchfulness of the quiet young husband whom he eyed at times so persistently.

"We sped along over the beautiful road, each absorbed in his own reflections, broken only by an occasional low sigh from the lady, and soon arrived at our destination. The train stopped, and, as none of my companions showed any disposition to move first, I aroused Barnes from the depths of his romance and we left the carriage.

"Dinner over, we went to the theater, and afterward by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling-house. I was greatly surprised, on entering, to see my elderly traveling companion seated at the table, his eyes and manner keen as ever, and deep in a game of *rouge et noir*. It was early yet, and very few people were present; but every sound was hushed and the the game went on in dead silence, broken only by the voices of the dealers, calling the result of the games, and the rattling of the gold as it was raked from one to another. The old man seemed in luck, for the time being, and won every game. I thought a gleam of satisfaction shone over his face as the door opened and our other traveling acquaintance from Versailles—the quiet, careless husband, entered and sat down to play.

"I did not play that night; and my whole attention was given to those two. The young man lost from the first deal. Rouleau after rouleau was swept from the table by his watchful old opponent; but still he played on. The large sums he lost, and his pale, excited face, deeply interested me, and I stayed on and watched him until late at night, when he left the room, his last napoleon gone.

"After supping at a coffee-house I went back to my room at the hotel, but for some cause could not sleep. The heat was oppressive and my room small; besides, the game I had been watching had excited me strangely, and I only fell into a troubled sleep near morning.

"I was awakened about daylight by voices in the adjoining room—those of a man and woman, evidently. The man's voice was low and pleading, and the woman seemed to be crying. I could hear enough to understand that she was refusing him some request, for his tone became loud and threatening and at last I heard him say:

"'If you refuse me, you seal my ruin and your own. I have no more gold—and I must have the diamonds to retrieve myself.'

Hysterical sobs were the only answer he received, and he continued:

"Something tells me I shall win to-night, and I must have the ring."

"'Never, Charles! I cannot give it up. It is all I have left. It was my mother's, and I will not let it leave me.'

"The man's voice was so choked with passion that his words were inarticulate, but with a burst of wild anger he left, slamming the door after him. The woman's sobs became lower, her crying ceased, and I fell into another nap, not waking until near 10.

"I saw neither of my gambling acquaintances that day, and the night found me again in M. Carlo's rooms. The old man was again on hand, not satisfied, I thought, with his winnings of the night before—and again I saw a gleam of satisfaction cross his face as his victim of the previous evening came in and got ready to play.

"Make your game—the game is made up!" cried the dealer, and was about to deal the cards when the young man who had just entered called out in a loud voice:

"Fifty napoleons upon the red!"

Seeing he placed no money upon the table, the croupier paused a moment, then said:

"Sir, you must stake the money."

The gambler started and turned paler than ever, a long, shuddering sigh broke from him as he felt first in one pocket, then in another, and finally grasped his hat and fled from the room. The playing went on for a while longer, and then one by one they went out, leaving only the attendants, the old keen eyed gambler and myself present. Something—an undefinable feeling of interest in the unhappy young man who had left the house in such despair a short time before—held me there. I must see if he returned.

"Suddenly the door opened and he ran in, as if fleeing for his life. I shall never forget that sight, Louie. His face was ghastly, his dress disordered, and he trembled as though with ague. As he rushed up to the table, in the strong glare of the lights I saw great drops of perspiration standing on his brow. He thrust his hand in his pocket and tossed a ring down before his opponent.

"There! it is worth 10,000 francs. Now cover my stakes," he cried.

"I instantly recognized the beautiful diamond as the one his wife had worn in the cars, and the conversation I had heard that morning came back to my memory, and I knew my fellow travelers were the man and woman I had heard disputing in the early morning hours. But he had succeeded in overcoming her determination, for he had the ring, and my heart ached for the poor wife as I wondered how he had obtained it.

"Red! I bet on the red!" again shouted the young man; and in a moment the croupier called "Black wins!" and the ring was no longer his.

"With a wild cry the wretched loser fled from the house; and completely unmanned by what I had seen, I returned to my hotel, hoping the young man would soon follow me.

"I found them all—travelers, proprietor and servants, wild with excitement over the murder of a beautiful Russian lady. An hour before her maid had gone to her room and found her deluged in blood from a wound in her head, and dead. The husband had been in and left some few moments before. I went up to her apartment and to the bed where she lay. Her exquisite face was fairer than in life, for it had lost the unhappy look, and seemed at peace. As I turned to leave the room I saw this picture among a heap of things turned out of a man's traveling case, and appropriated it. Probably the husband had tossed it there in his search for some valuables to risk at the gaming table

"The miserable man took his life before he was apprehended for his crime, and the old gambler who, first in one disguise, then in another, had followed the easily-duped victim from city to city and won many thousands from him, left Paris before the husband and wife were carried to their last resting place in the beautiful burying ground where his forefathers slept.

"Louie, this is why I refused to play even with Howard, last evening. I have never touched cards since, and I never can again."

A Milanese Beauty.

Yet I cannot help being inflammable, especially in the neighborhood of Milan, which is surely responsible for the prettiest women in the world. With their wavy figures, nut-brown eyes, marble-veined complexions, and rich, black dresses, they would move an anthropobiologist (whatever he means in English), let alone a poet. So it was I fell in love, in and for ten minutes, under Mrs. Balbus' eyes, at an open-air breakfast on the Isola Bella—and that my passion was returned. We never spoke, but we loved. She was obviously engaged to the gentleman who was with her, but that did not matter. She was so pleased with my frank, but I trust respectful, adoration from the next table, that she changed her seat, and put herself, with a grace beyond the reach of art, in the light best calculated for me to study her. When she left she made a Parthian turn, and gave me just one bow and smile, in which the most presumptuous of men could have detected nothing wrong—which were a privilege. I rushed to the strangers' book, and found her name was Antonietta C——, of Milan. Surnames are as Charles Surface says, too formal to be registered in love's calendar. Besides, the gentleman looked fiery and might see this. And Italians fight duels, and I do not. But the surname was even more beautiful than the Christian. And, oh! Antonietta C——, if ever you should read this, remember a poet who for that one glimpse would go to the world's end for you, if he had not so many other things to do, and if Mrs. Balbus did not say: "Tom, you are simply foolish!"

The Philosophy of "Getting Mad."

"I don't believe in bein' afraid of your temper," said Mrs. Johnson, energetically. "I say fight it out and conquer it. If the Old Harry comes into my family I want to meet him right off. The other night my boy came home ugly as sin. He was all tired out; somebody had been sassy to him, and he had been nursing the devil all day long, preparin' an overpowerin' reply. I went up to his room. Now, he's never cross to me; but that night he growled out: 'Mother, I wish you would go down stairs and mind your business.' I sat down and took hold of his hands, and then I boxed his ears a little. I wanted him to realize my presence before I began wasting my breath. Then I scolded him. I scolded him steady for an hour and a half, and when I got through I could wind him round my little finger. 'Mother,' he said, 'I suppose I am sort of hot-headed.' 'Hot-headed!' says I, 'you're just like a little busted pepper.' Folks ask me why I don't get mad. I tell 'em I ain't rich enough. It's as disablin' as a fit of sickness. When I keep my own carriage I'm going to stir up just as many rows as my neighbors; but as long as I keep boarders for a livin' I hain't got no time for temper or tears."

Ancient Toilets.

The use of cosmetics in connection with the bath prevailed among the wealthy women of a very remote period At the magnificent court of Ahasuerus, in the seventh year of his reign, the following elaborate processes of "purification" were prescribed for the maidens destined for the King's harem: Being "gathered together into Shushan the palace.....to the custody of Hegai, keeper of the women," they abode in the "women's house" and "so were the days of their purification accomplished, to wit: six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors, and with other things for the purifying of women" (Esther ii. 8 12). The Song of Songs is rich in figurative allusions to these "sweet odors," its last rapturous note echoing from "the mountains of spices," myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant," "camphir, with spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;" "my hands dropped myrrh, and my fingers sweet-smelling myrrh;" "his cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh;" the "mandrakes" and the "pleasant fruits."

It is most interesting to learn, in connection with another couplet of this equisite song, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi," that En gedi is the one only place in all Palestine where camphor still grows. This plant is better known by its Arabian name henna; it is a tall shrub, whose white and yellow flowers grow in clusters, like our familiar lilac. The Eastern women are still fond of wearing these fragrant blossoms in their hair or their bosoms; but it is as an ancient dye that the plant has come into special notice. The dried leaves of the henna were crushed and made into a paste with water, and applied to the palms of the hands, to the nails of fingers and toes, and to the hair, if the discovery of gray threads should be unwelcome. It was used by the men to dye the hair and beard, and even applied sometimes to color the mane and tail of a favorite horse. The antiquity of this custom is demonstrated by its frequent mention by writers of a very early period, and even more conclusively by the fact that the nails of some Egyptian mummies (especially those of women) still retain the stain of dye.

Painting the eyebrows and eyelids with kohl was another Eastern fashion (not yet extinct) of equal popularity. The large languishing black eye shaded with long dark lashes, has doubtless always been the distinguishing feature of beauty in the dusky daughters of the East; and it is not surprising that they have tenaciously retained a practice supposed to enhance its size and brightness. The black powder called kohl was made of several substances; stibium, or antimony, with zinc and oil; or burnt almond shells, mixed with liban, a sort of frankincense, also burnt; another sort was made of powder of lead ore, and was considered not only ornamental, but beneficial, by reason of certain medicinal properties. This kohl was kept in boxes or vials of wood, stone or pottery, having several compartments, and often highly ornamented.

It was applied with a small stick of wood, ivory or silver, which was first wet in rose water dipped into the black powder, and drawn carefully along the edges of the eyelids, both upper and under. In the same way the arch of the eyebrow was darkened and elongated. This practice of eye-painting must have been in great popularity as early as the time of Job; for Keren-happuch, the name of the youngest of his three beautiful daughters, signifies "a horn for paint;" that is, "a bottle for kohl." It was esteemed a great mark of beauty that the eyebrows should meet over the nose in the form of a bow; and it was common to imitate nature in this respect by the use of kohl; but this had to be removed in seasons of mourning, and, if the hair actually grew there it must be plucked out.

In the toilet of that rare Jewish beauty of the apocryphal story, Judith, the widow of Manasses,—which was made in the highest interest of religion and patriotism, as expounded in the day of that historical fiction,—there is so full a recapitulation of the several customs in connection with women's dress, that it seems appropriate to introduce the description in closing the subject. The narrative reads thus: "She put off the garment of her widowhood, and washed her body all over with water, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head and put a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness. She took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets and her chains and her rings and her earrings and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely."

Why is a caterpillar like a fresh loaf of bread? Because it is the grub that makes the butter fly.

Human Wear and Tear.

It is not desirable to enter very fully into the duties of railway men, for these must necessarily be tedious to the reader. With regard to the work of signalmen, engine-drivers, and guards, it may be well to point out that the nature of their employment is more difficult, and involves a greater mental and physical strain than the work engaged in by the ordinary artisan, while it is also very much longer continued. A signalman is often called upon to work a stretch of twelve hours (many signalmen work their whole number of hours at one stretch), during which he can barely find leisure to swallow his food. He has to manage the levers (many are extremely heavy), the disk, bell, and single-needle instruments, and the line-clear book. Not only does his work involve great physical fatigue, but it is also harassing and anxious to a degree incomprehensible to one who has never been inside a signal-box, and who, consequently, cannot realize how easily a mistake may occur. The signalman knows the terrible results that may follow upon an act of carelessness, and when he is depressed or out of health the verdict of manslaughter looms before him.

The engine driver must look out for signals, regulate the running of the train, and keep his engine under control. He remains standing the whole length of the journey, exposed more or less to snow and storm, lightning and burning sun; sore feet and rheumatism are frequently the result. The guard is obliged to watch the white light or all-right signal, the green light or caution signals, and the red light or danger signals; to regulate the breaks of the slip coaches attached to some express and fast trains, and in case of accident to protect the train by going back one mile to place detonators on the rails. The day's work of the artisan is nine hours, and his week's work fifty-four hours; the day's work of the railway servant varies from ten to twelve hours, and his week's work from sixty to eighty-four hours. The artisan's nine hours are done regularly in each twenty-four hours, while the railway servant, owing to the exigencies of his occupation, is sometimes called upon to perform two days of work, or twenty to twenty-four hours, at one stretch, and then he is sent off duty for an equal period. The artisan is paid at a greatly enhanced rate for time worked on week days over his nine hours, while the railway servant, with some exceptions, is paid at the ordinary rate for such time; and on some railways, and in some grades, he is not paid at all.

The artisan ends his work at 2 o'clock on Saturday, and resumes duty at 7 o'clock on Monday, after enjoying a day and a half of uninterrupted rest; the railway servant's week is often without beginning or ending, and he cannot be said to possess one regular day free from toil. The evil consequences resulting from the systematic overwork of railway men may be summarized as follows: Increased mortality and ill health from alleged natural causes, overwork being without doubt productive of premature death and premature old age; loss of regular rest and necessary recreation; non-participation in home life and consequent non-fulfillment of the functions of heads of families; loss, wholly or the part, of the rest and privileges of Sunday; demoralization, the outcome of physical fatigue and exhausted energies. Systematic overwork, it will be allowed, is not compatible with continued attention to difficult and important duties. It produces listlessness, and this adds to the risk of accidents happening to both railway servants and passengers; for excessive periods of labor cause men to fall asleep at their posts, and force them to neglect the constant care and unceasing watchfulness necessary in ordir to insure the safety of their own lives and the lives of the public.

It cannot, therefore, be doubted that many of the casualities on the line are indirectly caused by the demoralization produced among railway men from excessive toil and want of rest. A man who works sixteen hours daily, when the strain is over, returns to his family too tired to take interest in home matters, too cross to attend to wife or children, only fit to drone over the fire or to creep worn out to bed—again, after a few hours of sleep, to be roused, half-rested, with aching body, heavy limbs, and jaded spirit, for the renewed performance of a round of monotonous toil. Such a man, living at a mile's distance from his place of employment, is roused at five o'clock in the morning and reaches his work by six o'clock. He returns at ten o'clock in the evening, and if he goes straight to bed obtains six hours of sleep. How can the habitation of that man be called a "home?"—*The Nineteenth Century*

Which is the most wonderful animal of the barnyard? The pig, because he is killed first and then cured.

Small Jokes.

Perhaps you like conundrums? Very well, here is a few dished up just on purpose. We have lots more that we may let fly some other time;

Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.

They were out sleighing. "Gussie, dear," said she, as she leaned a tender cheek on his manly-checked ulster, "why are these snow flakes like your mustache?" This pleased him, even to have it noticed. "I don't know, pet," he murmured innocently, "Why are they?" "Because they are slow coming down." He drove with both hands, after this.

An Iowa paper has supplied a long-felt want by giving to the public an obituary notice that bears upon its face the stamp of honesty. It says: "He gained his riches by loaning money and handling notes and mortgages, had a state-wide name for his litigation in various counties and in the Supreme Courts, was grasping and heartless in his transactions, became divorced from his wife, and died without a friend."

A livery stable-keeper named Spurr would never let a horse go out without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day a young man called to get a turnout to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr, "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, jest look a-here, old fellow," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession—if it kills the horse."

An old story is being revived of a prayer-meeting held for a poor fellow's relief who had broken his leg. While Deacon Brown was praying a tall fellow with an ox-goad knocked at the door, saying, "Father could not come, but sent his prayers in the cart." They were potatoes, beef, pork and corn.

"I can't give you this paper, Tommy, to read, because there are some things you mustn't see." "Well, Auntie, just put a mark against the m, and I'll know which they are.

Tit-Bits of Humor.

What is that which a cat has but no other animal has? Kittens.

What is the difference between a girl and a night cap? One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed.

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gate (gait) is broken and his locks are few.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

What is the difference between a cashier and a schoolmaster? One tills the mind while the other minds the till.

What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy school boy? One baits his hook and the other hates his book.

What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other a silly Hollander.

Why is a watch dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

W. D. Banks, of Clayton Ga., has the boss cow. He says a man can pick her up and tote her; then set her down and milk her, and he can't tote the milk.

A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws, another sprouting immediately and growing in its place.

When a boy falls into the water what is the first thing he does? He gets wet.

Women seldom stop to think. True enough, but they never fail to stop and talk.

The husband who finds himself confuted in argument by his wife instantly begins to out-roar her.

COLD SLAW.—Beat the yolks of four eggs to a light cream, then stir gradually into them five tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar. Add two or three teaspoonfuls of sugar and stir the mixture over the fire until it begins to thicken like boiled custard; then remove and add a teaspoonful of butter and nearly a teaspoonful of anchovy mustard. Set the sauce upon ice to become cold, and pour it over the sliced cabbage just before serving. Celery is often mixed with the cabbage for this salad.

Hittite inscriptions never before noted have been found by two Germans, Drs. Sester and Puchstein, on a lofty cliff of the mountain called the Nimrud Dagh, a part of the Taurus range in Asia Minor, where the Euphrates breaks through. The inscriptions are on collossal blocks of stone on the terraces of the mountain.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jan. 11, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

We have the

FINEST LINE OF GOODS

—In—

—PENNSVALLEY,—

Suitable for Presents.

—o—

——You will find our Stores always lively and up to the times.

G. R. Spigelmeyer & Co.—Whitmer & Co· Spring Mills, Pa.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Weather chilly and damp.

The sale of the Love farm has been postponed to January 20.

——Had about three inches of snow, on 5th, which afforded a taste of sleighing.

——Jos. L. Neff, of Roland, advertises his card as Auctioneer, in REPORTER. He ranks among the best.

——Read public sales advertised in REPORTER by Ph. Stover, Aaronsburg, also by F. A. Yearick, near Madisonburg.

——The farm of Dan'l Mosser, dec'd, near Boalsburg, 112 acres, was knocked off to Mrs Dr. Fisher, of Boalsburg, at $4400. Very cheap.

——For a good, cheap overcoat or a nice suit of clothing for man or boy, go to Dinges, where you can purchase clothing, or any other goods, cheaper than elsewhere.

——Mr. Louis Showalter, of Woodward, died after a lingering illness on December 27, at Laurelton.

——Small profits and quick sales, is the motto at the Pennsvalley bargain store. All goods sold upon that principle only.

——Lewis Rossman, of near this place with two horses and wagon, hauled 6,300 pounds of ice, to this town on one load. Distance about one mile.

——The sale of the farm of Joseph Shirk, dec'd, has been postponed to January 6. 3t

——John Klugle, of Franklintown, York county, purchased a large bull. His 300-pound boar and the bull got into a fight, and it ended in the bull dropping dead.

For low prices in job work, sale bills etc., call at the Reporter office, or, send your orders by mail. Try us. tf

——The *Clinton Democrat* has entered its 43 year. It is always full of freshness and vigor, and we place it among our most valued exchanges.

J. N. LEITZEL, Auctioneer, Spring Mills—satisfaction guaranteed, and charges moderate. 11jan3t

——Not withstanding the Co. Commissioners have been active in having old tax duplicates settled up, there are still some $60,000 of out-standing taxes.

——We call the attention of any of our readers who are in want of a salaried situation, and who can fill the bill, to the advertisement in another column of R. G. Chase & Co., headed "Wanted." Write to them for particulars. 4jan3t

——We omitted to state, last week that the farm of John Hess, deceased, in Haines twp., was knocked off at $125 per acre, as mentioned then to Michael F. Hess.

——Big hogs are not things of the past. John F. Krebs informs us he witnessed the weighing of three dressed hogs, at Milton, last week, with the following score: 719½, 773 and 937.

——For general assortment of goods, late styles and low prices, Dinges, of the Pennsvalley bargain store, stands prominent above all others. Its the place where little money buys much goods.

——Mr. David A. Runk, about 25 years ago a prominent merchant at Millheim, died recently at his home in Illinois. Mr. Runk was in on a visit and spent the greater part of last fall among his relatives in Union county being in ill health.

——The original "Chatterbox," with its full-page pictures and interspliced descriptions, still maintains its high place as a delighter of children who can read. Published monthly by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, Mass, at $1 per annum, or 10 cts. a copy.

——Lewistown is agog with excitement over the rumor that a large shop, to hold sixteen engines, is to be built at the junction in the spring, and that the local freights now running between Mifflin, Altoona, Huntingdon and Harrisburg, will start from Lewistown junction.

——The new grocery of Harry Teats, opposite the Bush house, is stocked with a full assortment of any thing wanted for the table, including dishes, glass and China-ware, pure spices, all kinds of dried meats, fish, canned and dried fruits. All kinds of country produce wanted.

— Lock Haven market: Butter 28 to 32c per pound, eggs 28c per dozen, potatoes 75c per bushel, chickens 60 to 80c per pair, lard 17c per pound, apple butter 75c per gallon, corn 75c, oats 50c, turnips 40c, celery 5 to 8c per stock, cabbage 5 to 10c per head, apples 75c to $1.25 per bu, chestnuts 15c per quart, ducks 70c per pair, honey 20c per pound, turkeys $1 to $1 25 each, by the pound 15c, geese 75c each, sourkraut 5c. per qt.

——When the United States census is finished it will show that the amount of ready-made clothing sold in the United States by the Philad. Branch, exceeds that of dozens of other houses. People all buy overcoats and suits of Lewins, because they know from $5 to $15 is saved on each purchase.

A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTIANMENT.

Public Installation of Officers Given by Progress Grange, P. of H.

Progress Grange, at Centre Hall, gave a public installation and entertainment at their hall on Wednesday afternoon, 3rd instant, which reflected great credit upon themselves and the community at large. At 2 o'clock p. m. the members and their families and invited guests began to arrive, until 2 p. m. every available seat and space in their hall was crowded to its full capacity. As soon as all could be comfortably seated the Master's gavel fell and the meeting opened with the appropriate instalation ceremonies of the Order. The assemblage was then greeted by two little girls coming out upon the platform holding between them the motto and pronouncing the word "Welcome" to the assembled guests; then stepping forward were seated on the front steps of the stage, when seven little boys and girls came forward, and each in turn recited a verse ending with each alternate letter of the word "Welcome"—at the same time turning a card exposing the letter assigned to them, at the close the entire class pronounced the word "Welcome" and recited the closing verse together. This was a novel but appropriate greeting to the assemblage and was heartily applauded.

The Master of the State Grange was then introduced and installed the officers for the ensuing year in accordance with the beautiful and appropriate ceremonies of the Order. Officers installed are, James A. Keller, Master; Joshua Potter, Overseer; Mrs. M. S. Rhone, Lecturer; Levi Stump, Steward; W. H. Kohler, Ast. Stewart; John Emerick, Chaplain; Dan'l Fleisher, Treasurer; W. Neff, Secretary; James Ruble, Gate Keeper; Miss May Rhone, Pomona; Miss Bella Keller, Flora; Miss Hallie Stump, Ceres; Miss Mattie Boal, Lady Ast. Steward At the close of the installation three young ladies were introduced who recited a very appropriate dialogue entitled "Perseverance"—it was short but very naturally played and merited the hearty applause it received. Then was given a tableau—"Santa Clause," and a real one it was too; for when the curtain was drawn one of the characters appeared and asked the children all to separate themselves to one side of the house, when he was challenged by them to "come on." He, not to be out done, went into their midst and distributed lots of good things to their surprise. Speeches were also made by farmers on the importance of the course of studies in our common schools being so arranged as to teach the natural sciences of Botany, Entomology, etc. instead of the higher mathematics of Algebra, Geometry, etc, which are of but little use in the ordinary avocations of life. The unjust and unequal burdens of taxation upon agriculture as compared with other property were discussed. Altogether it was a most delightful and profitable entertainment participated in by parents and children. It will evidently be only a few years until all this vexed concourse of little folks will be in the Order as they can now scarcely be restrained from joining with their parents, and as they arrive at the age of 14 years one after the other is being enrolled in its membership. MOTOR.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Eliza Klinger, of Illinois, is in on a visit to his former home. He tells us times are good out there and money plenty.

John Wise and T. A. Yearick, of near Madisonburg, favored us with a call. Mr. Yearick has advertised his sale in the REPORTER, and intends going to Missouri in the spring.

John F. Kreps and lady, of Pine Grove Mills, spent a few hours with us on their return from a visit to Northumberland county.

Our jolly friend, Frank Bowersox, of Rock Springs, and his lady, paid us a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sankey visited this office last week—the latter to witness the operation of printing newspapers, which was quite a novelty to Mrs S.

Our old friend and democrat, Daniel Bohn, of Harris twp., was also a caller at the REPORTER office, the other day.

We also had a call from John Mersinger, of Tusseyville.

Mr. R T Craig, of Pinegrove, favored our sanctum with a call on Monday.

Messr's Condo and Bartges of the Penn Hall coach shops gave the Reporter a call.

Mr. L. B. Frank, of Rebersburg illumined our sanctum with his pleasant countenance, on Monday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, *nee* Alexander, formerly of this place, now of Kansas, is here on a visit, and gave us several calls together wish interesting naaratives of Kansas life.

——At the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, held December 22d, the following officers were elected: D. F. Lose, President; W. P. Hosterman, Vice Pres't; C. Dinges, Ex. Sec'y; J. S. Derstine, Asst. Sec'y; M. Derstine, Sr., Treasurer; J. W. Conley, J. H. Lohr, Librarians. The President appointed the following committees: W. P. Hosterman, M. Derstine, J. Lohr, Devotional; C. Dinges, D. Fleisher, J. W. Conley, J. T Lee and D. Boozer, Visiting; Wm. Lohr, M. S. Derstine, J. Smith, Missionary; M. Derstine, C. Dinges and Wm. Wolf, Entertainment.

——Chances still open for goods at cost, at Brockerhoff's store, Centre Hall. Stock comprises everything usually found in a general store. Dry goods, ladies' dress goods, notions, boots, shoes, hats, canned goods, glassware, queensware, salt, brushes, soap, and other articles. Remember these goods are all of first quality and offered at cost to close out stock. Come and get what you want, and first cost is all that will be asked of purchasers. Stock must be closed out, hence offered at a sacrifice.

——Nittany valley has again had an accident almost as terrible as the one the REPORTER recently chronicled of the Yocum boy, who was dragged to death by a horse. As Mr Shilling was riding on horse-back near Cedar Springs, the balling of the snow on the horse's feet caused it to slip and fall; Mr. Shilling was thrown off, but one of his feet kept fast to the stirrup; the horse started off dragging the man quite a distance, from which he sustained such heavy bruises that his life is dispaired of.

——A two-year old child of David Woods, of Martha, this county, drank the contents of a bottle containing creosote and died soon afterwards.

A GRAND MASONIC BANQUET AT CENTRE HALL.

The Masons of "Old Fort Lodge," located at Centre Hall, gave a grand banquet and entertainment to their friends at the "Centre Hall House," on New Year's evening, the members generally bringing their wives and many invited guests. The annual installation of officers for the ensuing year took place in their hall at 7 p. m.—ceremonies being conducted by Dr. Hale, W. G. Deputy, of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, assisted by a number of members of the Bellefonte Lodge. Officers installed are, J. T. Lee, W. M.; Wm. Shoop, S. W.; M. Rishel, J. W.; J. J. Arney, L., after which the entire lodge repaired to the parlor of the hotel; the members and invited guests waiting upon their wives and ladies, conducting them to the banqueting hall. The supper would have done credit to the best conducted city hotel and reflected great credit upon Mr. Meyer the proprietor and his assistants. The dining hall and tables were richly festooned with floral wreaths and arches of evergreens. On the tables were handsomely arranged pyramids of fruit and everything the most fastidious epicure could crave in sufficient abundance to satisfy all the invited guests. If this was a sample of Mr. Meyer's entertainments and masonic hospitality of the "Old Fort Lodge" we want to share their kindness again.

The entire evening was heartily enjoyed by all in attendance, a general sociability pervading the entire company—managed with sufficient promenades, charades, etc., to keep up a friendly intermingling among the guests and a hearty social glee. Not a profane word was heard or a drunken debauch present. The whole affair done credit to the Order and the town. SPECTATOR.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

Rev. D. M. Wolf preached a practical and interesting sermon on Sunday evening at the Salem Ref. church. Preaching will be continued during the week, by Revs. Yearick and Landis. A class of catechumens will be received in the church—communion next Sunday.

Our young ladies who attended the musical convention at Rebersburg, speak very highly of the people of that town and vicinity for their sociability and kindness during the convention.

Miss Emma C. Heckman has returned home from the west after an absence of over one year. Her sister, Amanda, has also returned from Nittany valley. We are glad to see their smiling faces again.

J. C. Condo is rapidly disposing of his fine sleighs; no wonder, that artist J. W. Bartges has been doing the painting on them.

Business brisk at Fred'k Meyer's shop; he is dispatching some of his handsome sleighs. His son has taken up the art of painting. Stick to it Cal, you will become master of the art.

J. B. Fisher is feeding 20 head of western cattle at his Auchentorlie farm, and it does one good to see them—they are beauties. NEWS BOY.

——The Civil Service Reform bill having passed both houses, let all turn to inaugurate a little reform in their own houses by getting pure and wholesome groceries at Sechler's. Let the reform movement not stop with the offices, but let it be carried into the purchase of groceries, by discarding old, stale trash, in sugar, coffees, teas, syrups, canned and dried fruits, ham, dried beef, cheese, and spices, and buy these articles pure and fresh of Sechlers. Every one in favor of reform buys groceries at Sechlers; its the surest test.

——Coburn station still keeps booming up, and will have a new enterprise on foot this week, in a new grocery by R. T. Vonada, one of the enterprising young men of that section. Read Mr. Vonada's advertisement in this paper.

A little son of Dr. Alexander, of our town, aged about two years, while staying with his grandmother at Millheim, died there of croup and was interred at Millheim on Monday.

——The largest, pumpest and freshest oysters, always to be had at Sechler's grocery, where is the largest and best line of table groceries to be found anywhere. On this Sechlers have built up their enormous trade, reaching into adjoining counties.

CHEAP SLEIGHS.—J. C. Condo, at Penn Hall, has a number of handsomely finished sleighs, finely cushioned, well ironed, and guaranteed in every respect, which he now offers at near cost. If you want a real bargain in sleighs, call at the shops of Mr. Condo. 11jan3t

——The Co. Commissioners have unanimously elected Mr. L. B. Frank, of Rebersburg, Mercantile Appraiser. This is a good selection, as Mr. Frank is eminently qualified for this important position.

— John S. Forster's farm, in College twp., was sold to John Homan, of Ferguson, at $48 per acre.

——For the cheapest sugars, coffees, canned goods, vegetables, meats, oysters, crackers, cheese, or spices, go to Brown's new grocery, on Bishop street; take your produce there too, farmers, anything you have, and Brown will give you the highest market price for it. Try Brown's new grocery.

— J. Ross Bell, of Aaronsburg, of whose illness we made mention in last week's issue, died on last Saturday. He was one of the oldest residenters of that town.

——There will be a meeting of Centre Co. Pomona Grange, at Centre Hall, on Thursday, January 18.

——Services in the Lutheran church of this place, by Rev. Fischer, at 10 a. m., next Sunday, instead of at 2 p. m.

—Another inch of snow Wednesday.

WANTED !

Two reliable men to solicit orders for our Nursery Stock in this and adjoining counties, on a salary. We will give a month's trial (and advance money for the expenses of the same), and, if successful, steady employment and good pay. Address, R. G. CHASE & Co., The Chase Nurseries, Philadelphia Pa. (Enclose stamp) 4jan8t

The inundations in Germany and Austria are taking the form of a great public catastrophe. At Ludwigshefen, where the great Rhine dam gave way, 3 000 persons are homeless, at Mannheim, 2,000, and at worms, 2,000.

FROM ILLINOIS.

BISHOP, Illinois, Jan 1, 1883.

EDITOR REPORTER:

Thinking a few lines from Illinois would be favorably received, I will embrace the opportunity of forwarding them. We have been enjoying a Florida winter, with but few exceptions. This we suppose is on account of the "tidal wave" which swept over the country last fall. We had hoped against hope, for lo! these many years, but finally our most cherished hope was realized; we began to think that Democracy was a myth that had lived in the imaginations of the dead past, and we were almost tempted to have our names struck from the subscription list of the "Reporter," as it was an aggravation to look upon that word "Democracy" and realize that we were "near, and yet so far," but now after the smoke of battle and the heat of conflict has passed away, and the "old love" has returned to power, we feel that common ties which ever bound us shall not be broken; and to-day—first day of the new year—we remain true to the principles that have guided us from infancy—principles that *may* be subverted, but can *never* die. You would naturally think that after a resident of this splendid state for sixteen years we would lose all interest in the native one. Such is not the case however, we watched with untiring interest for the result of the revolt against "Bossism," and we now send such congratulations as can spring from the hearts of one of the guild.

It was rumored that General Beaver would be the next republican presidential nominee if he pulled through in Penn'a, but he did'nt "get there Eli!" and if he now becomes said nominee, we'll knock the other leg from under him—politically speaking.

Hoping that all old friends, regardless of party affiliation, are on the high road to health and happiness, I am yours Democratically and otherwise. SOLOMON KOCH.

——Any one who saw the big piles of overcoats and other ready-made clothing in the famous Philad. Branch, the week before the holidays, and afterwards that the counters and shelves looked thinned out, will wonder what has become of it all. Well, the fame of Lewins for selling clothing low is almost world-wide, and his goods go to Clearfield, Union, Mifflin, Blair and Huntingdon counties, and to almost every house in our own county. It's of Lewins you get cheap suits.

NEW YORK, January, 4,—Fourteen horses burned at 147 and 149 West Second street.

JANUARY COURT

GRAND JURORS.—Rush—John Kennedy, O Vail .....Bellefonte—W W Potter... Walker—Wm Billet, P Hockman ..... Potter—Harry Shirk Josiah Neff, G L Goodhart.... .Philipsburg—W Burns L W Jones.....Penn—G W Stover,.....Boggs—B Snyder, Jas Lucas,.....Spring Ed Jodon P G Gentzel, Is Kaufman.....Benner—Wm Grove .....Marion—Sam'l Gettig ..... Liberty—J B Potts .....Ferguson—W E Meek.....Harris—Thos Ruey,..... Snowshoe—R J Haines..... Union S F Emerick .....Howard tp—D P Pletcher

TRAVERSE—1ST WEEK

Howard Tp—M Daughenbaugh.....Huston—G W Woodring, G W Miles.....Unionville—W F Peters.....Gregg—G W Ream, J A McClintock, I Underwood Hiram Durst.....Ferguson—M Driebelbies L Miller, R R Barr.....Spring W H Poorman, J Z Garver, Syd Miller, W Knoffenger, John Hoy .....Philipsburg—F Yocom, ...Bellefonte W H Page L A Shaffer V J Bower, H Derr J H Spangler G A Bayard, A Luxenbach.....Howard Boro—J Diehl, J B Harter,..... Harris—Is Condo, ... Boggs—M Evans, A R Barnehart Wm Lucas.....Potter—E Keller Wm Kerr Jr Jas B Neff, Geo Rishel, John Dasnim, L W Kimport, Dan'l Ilgen .....College—Jos Strouse, Wm Coble Jr, ... Miles—Jas Hazel, C L Gramly..... Millheim—H F Kister, ... Snowshoe—C Bonk, P Kelly, ... Milesburg—W B Miles ..... Walker—J S Yearick.....Curtin—D B Delong..... Unionville—W B Shipley.

TRAVERSE—2 WEEK.

Union—H S Potts.....Harris—G W Williams D H Myers, Adam Hoy, L Motherbach.....Spring—Wm Bell.....Penn—H Keen.....Rush—J Waugh.....Snowshoe—T Morris, A Kerrins, J C Rankin J Y Lucas.....Huston—E K Williams ..... Boggs—C Moore.....Howard Bor—A J Gardner..... Howard Tp—J S Holter, W Bathurst .....Ferguson—Geo Homan Wm Garner.....Benner—H K Hoy..... Philipsburg—C Bottiger, G B Simler J H Mansson, J Sankey.....Millheim—J Spangler .....Miles—L Stover T B Miller..... Bellefonte—A Brockerhoff S T Shugart, J H Barnes.....Curtin—R Mann D McCoskey ..... Patton—G Clark.....Potter —Wm Love.....College—Wm McGirk.....Liberty—D W Harring

AUCTIONEER — The undersigned, having the reputation of a first class Salesman, with twenty years experience in Central Penn'a, selling Farms, Farm stock, Merchandise, &c., now offers his services to the citizens of Pennsvalley and surrounding country Charges moderate. Address, JOSEPH L NEFF, 11jan3m Roland, Centre Co., Pa.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at the residence of the subscriber, 2½ miles west of Madisonburg, on Wednesday, February 7, the following personal property, to wit:

One horse, one mare with colt, 4 cows, 2 calves, 11 sheep, 6 hogs, new 4-horse wagon, double sled, spring wagon, buggy, log sled, hayrake, drill, plows, one reaper, cultivator, treadpower and machine, fanning mill, harrows, set of double harness, one single harness, horsegears. Also, house furniture, one cook stove, 3 sets chairs, one cane-bottom set, 8-day clock corner cupboard, bureau, sink, iron kettle, copper kettle, campmeeting tent, etc.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock when terms will be made known.

F A. YEARICK.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, on Saturday, January 13, at the residence of the undersigned in Aaronsburg, the following personal property, to wit:

One good horse, one two-horse wagon, one spring wagon, two fine cows, four shoats, sleds, harness, plow, fanning mill, carpenter tools, oak scantling, rakes, forks, shovels and picks, hay and other laddders, corn by the bushel smoked meat, sewing machine, beds and bedding, cook stove, coal and ten-plate stove, tables, sinks, cupboards, chairs, kettles, etc.

Also, at the same time and place a HOUSE and LOT situated in Aaronsburg. This is a very desirable home; the lot is filled with choice fruit and has all necessary outbuilding; flowing water at the door; convenient to church and schools. Also, several squares in said town in good state of cultivation.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock when terms will be made known.

PHILIP STOVER.

Lock Haven will have a new town clock, funds for that purpose having been raised by individual contributions.

MARRIED.

On December 28th, in St. John's Reformed church, at Boalsburg, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Jacob P. Weber, and Miss Mary E. Riley, both of Boalsburg, Pa.

December 28th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. J. A. Irvine, Mr. W. W. Krape and Miss Emma Keister, all of Clintondale, Clinton Co. Pa.

November 2, by Rev. Shannon, Mr. John H. Kreamer, of Millheim, and Miss Alice K. Van Ormer, of Bellefonte.

November 30, at the Lutheran parsonage in Bellefonte, Pa., by Rev. S. E. Furst, David H. Bartley and Miss Mary Knarr, both of near Bellefonte.

December 21, at the house of J. Johnsonback, by Rev. T. M. Morris, M. Thos. W. Houtz, and Miss Francis L. Segner, both of College twp.

December 28, at the house of L. Long, near Lemont, by Rev. T. M. Morris, Mr. Nathan Grove, and Miss Mahala A. Garner, both of College twp.

At the home of the bride's parents, December 19th, by Rev. J. Alfred Koser, Elmer C. Musser and Nora Fortney, both of Ferguson twp., Centre Co., Pa.

On the 21st of December, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. Alfred Koser, J. H. Ross and Adella Musser, both of Ferguson township, Centre Co., Penna.

On December 28, by Rev. P. C. Weidemeyer, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Alfred J. Grove, of near Centre Hall, and Miss Sallie Weiser, of Millheim, Centre county, Pa.

DIED.

On December 24th, at the residence of her son in-law, Henry Beck, of Walker twp, Mrs. Christiana Swartz, aged 92 years, 8 months, 16 days.

On 26th December, at the residence of her son, David Yocum, of Walker twp., Mrs. Margaret Yocum, aged 86 years, 6 months, 18 days.

Near Fowler station, Mary, wife of George Eisenhuth, (*nee* Raker) January 2, aged 46 years, 13 days. The deceased was born in lower Augusta twp., Northumberland county. She leaves a sorrowing husband and six children, and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF FARMERS' M. F. I. CO.

Office of the F. M. F. Ins. Company, of Centre County, Pa.

CENTRE HALL, January 8, 1883.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the twenty-fifth annual statement of the transactions of the company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 25,995.19
Paid on same		601 65
To which add tax No 12,	3,925 44	
Less per cent. off for collection	196 27	3,729 17
Cash in treasury		234 09
Making the total available assets of the past year		$30,559 50

EXPENSES.

Compensation of Directors	160 31	
Salary of Sec'y	100 00	
Salary of Treas.	50 00	
Printing, rent, postage and stationery	79 78	
Election board	5 00	
Balance due Mrs J. W. Conley	81 72	
Stewart, Appraiser	4 54	
Balance due Sem'l Vantries	154 00	
Sam'l Gramley int.	16 07	
C Dinges loss on goods and house	226 20	
J. W. Evans loss on house	2000 00	
Prof. D. M. Wolf loss on library	483 00	
Jos. Baker, int.	3 00	
Mrs. Whitehill loss on house	347 11	
Lot Kimport loss on farm implements	9 00	
Balance due John H. Neidigh	73 20	3,772 93
Total accruing assets and funds of the Comp. the past year less expenses		26,786 57
To which add notes of 1878-9-80 and 81		120,995 44
Minus cash premiums		147,782 01
Carpenters' risks cancellation, tax on notes and exonerations		15,381 48
Making the total available assets of the Comp. this day		132,400 58
Face value of premium notes in force		139,211 68
Risks and insurances taken the past year	283 832 32	
Risks and insurances of 1878-9 and 1880 and 1881 in force	1,326,171 78	
Making the risks of the Comp. this day		$1,310,004 10
Amount outstanding		978 94

At an election held same day the following members were elected directors for the ensuing year: R. G. Brett, John G. Baily, Henry Keller, Jos. Baker, Fred Kurtz, John K. Runkle, J. B. Fisher, S. J. Herring, H. E Duck, J. H. Musser, Dan'l Brumgart and Sam'l Gramley, whereupon the new board organized and appointed the following officers: President, Fred Kurtz; Vice Pres., S. J. Herring; Treasurer, Wm Wolf; Sec'y, D. F. Luse. HENRY KELLER, Pres't.

D. F. LULE, Sec'y. 11jan

NEW GROCERY

—AT—

—COBURN, PENN'A.—

—o—

R. F. Vonada will keep staple groceries, pure and fresh, and low in price.

COFFEES, SUGARS,
SYRUPS, TEAS,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS
HAM, DRIED BEEF
COAL OIL,
FISH, SALT
BEST OYSTERS
CRACKERS, &c. &c.

☞All kinds of Country Produce wanted, and highest market prices paid for it. 11jantf

EVERY LADY

SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR

Strawbridge & Clothier's

Fashion Quarterly.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

Nearly one thousand engravings, illustrating the new things in every department of fashion.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

Four pages of new music, in most cases original, either vocal or instrumental.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The prices of all kinds of Dry Goods, together with descriptions and engravings to show what they look like.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

Valuable original articles, mostly illustrated, on subjects that treat of the adornment of the person, the beautifying of home and the newest things in art needle work.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

Instructions how the distant customer can shop as satisfactorily and as economically as residents of the city.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER YEAR

SPECIMEN COPIES, 15 CENTS.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

Eighth and Market Streets, Philad.

4jan tf

MILESBURG PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

A very valuable property in Milesburg, is offered at private sale, consisting of two excellent town lots, thereon a 2½ STORY HOUSE, with all necessary outbuildings; a never-failing well of soft water at the door, choice fruit, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, and smaller fruits on the premises. Persons desiring to purchase a pleasant and profitable home, can call upon Mr. Elias Zimmerman, who will show them the property. For further information apply to MRS. JOHN RIDER,

7dectf Tusseyville, Pa.

VALUABLE LOTS AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on SATURDAY, January 20, 1883, at 2 o'clock, p. m., THREE LOTS, containing 9 acres, adjoining Centre Hall, and running to the turnpike in the upper part of said town. These lots will be sold separately. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

ELISABETH DURST,

4jan3t Centre Hall, Pa.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 31st day of January, A. D., 1883, for allowance and confirmation.

1 The account of D B Brisbin and H C Shirk, administrator of &c. of Joseph Shirk late of Potter, twp., dec'd.

2 The account of Samuel Gramley, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Daniel Poorman late of Miles township, deceased.

3 The first and final account of Hugh Adams, guardian of Dora, Effy and Mollie Richards, minor children of Thomas Richards late of Rush twp., dec'd.

4 The account of M A Calhoun, administratrix of &c. of William H Calhoun late of Union township, deceased

5 The final account of Jacob Valentine, guardian of Mary S. Thomas, a minor child of Jacob V Thomas.

6 The first and final account of W S Williams, executor of &c. of Sarah S Williams late of Huston twp., dec'd.

7 The first and final account of Sophia McEwen and James H Garner, executor of &c of Henry McEwen late of Walker twp, dec'd.

8 The account of Burding Butler, guardian of Alice A, Caroline and Sarah Brown, minor children of Thomas Brown late of Liberty twp., dec'd.

9 The account of Daniel Bartges, administrator of &c. of Polly Hettinger late of Gregg twp, deceased.

10 The account of William Mulberger and Samuel Leitzel, administrators of &c. of Isaac Mulberger late of Benner twp., deceased.

11 The first and final account of J Y Dale, administrator of &c. of Eve Houser late of College twp., dec'd.

12 The account of James F Weaver, executor of &c. of T M Hall, late of Milesburg borough, dec'd.

13 The final account of S J Hale, J Mills Hale and W W Hale, executors of &c. of Reuben C Hale late of Philipsburg boro., dec'd.

14 The first and final account of George W Feerrar, administrator of &c. of Jacob Feerrar late of Harris twp., dec'd.

15 The first and final account of George Sweeney and Alex Kuhn, administrators of &c. of Eliz. Bitner late of Potter twp, deceased. JAMES A McCLAIN,

4jan4t Register.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license in the office of the clerk of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for said county, and that application will be made to the next sessions of said court to grant the same:

W S Musser	Tavern,	Millheim
J I DeLong	do	Liberty twp.
F R Stover	do	do
S H Kunes	do	do
A E Graham	Saloon	do
James Redding	do	Snow Shoe
John W Stein	do	Philipsburg
John Francis	do	do
Robert Taylor	Tavern	do
Wm Parker	do	do
A S Goodrich	do	do

J. C HARPER, Proth'y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE — In the Orphans' Court of Centre county in the matter of the estate of Mary Ann Runk, dec'd.

The undersigned, appointed an Auditor to make distribution of the funds in hands of L. W. Munson, administrator of &c., of said decedent, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties interested at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, January 8 1883, at 10 a. m.

14decfd ELLIS L ORVIS, Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Thos. Wolf, late of Miles twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted the undersigned, he would respecifully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. J. R. WOLF, Rebersburg,

7decGt Administrator.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the Courts of Common Pleas of the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Hon. J. K. Runkle and the Hon. J. G. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept bearing date 1st day of Jan., 1883, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Jan' next, being the 22d day of said month, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Jan., in the year of our Lord 1883, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff.